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ST. JEAN PIED DU PORT.

WHERE the quaint Basque city stands,
Framed and fenced by warrior hands,
On its huge rock throned and crowned,
Mountains girdling it around ;
There the strangers come and gaze
On the work of elder days,
Musing o'er the tales of old,
Gathered round the Border Hold.

There echoes rang of Roland's horn
From the Pass of Roncesvaux borne ;
There the stern avengers came
Shouting their dead hero's name ;
There the fury of the Fronde
Swept the fertile plains beyond,
When against her royal foe,
Condé's princess held Bordeaux.

There Hawkwood's reckless riders swept ;
There Clisson's sword the city kept,
While the might of angry Spain
Round her ramparts surged in vain ;
There our English Edward's lance
Held the lists for subject France ;
There, when the eagles baffled fled,
Wellington his legions led.

There, to-day, the southern sky
On its heights gleams brilliantly ;
Birch, and box, and poplars' sheen,
Clothed in April's tender green ;
Gorse glows out, and peaceful broom
Waves aloft his golden plume,
While with shade and shine at play,
Neve goes dancing on her way.

Up and down each narrow street
Peasants go ; with patient feet
Sad-eyed oxen bear their load,
Where chargers pranced and penons flowed ;
While the citadel looks down,
Where, lapt in peace, the little town
Lies, heedless of its varied story,
Its stormy past, its ancient glory.

All The Year Round.

WITHOUT HIM.

["And I thought I said in my dream : 'What a
very long time you have been away.'"]

To live the sorrow down, and try to be
Familiar with the strange new sense of
light ;
To learn once more to laugh, and even see
Some half-drawn plans — nor quiver at
the sight ;
To envy little children in the lanes
Their fathers' hands — the wealth of love
bestow'd ;

To know that only memory remains
With ill-trimm'd lamps to light the
roughen'd road.

To watch the hands upon the clock creep
round

Towards his hour with cautious, steady
strength ;

Like pilgrim feet that tread on holy ground
Toil on in patience, — till the shrine at
length

Is reach'd, and pass'd. To see the papers
wait ;

The dog sleep soundly at the open door,
And then to know his touch upon the gate
Will never charm the twilight any more.

To watch the snowdrops fade, the roses
droop

Their heavy heads upon the mossy wall ;
To see the seats beneath the limes, and
stoop

With choking throat to hide the tears that
fall.

To see the blooms he set grow up apace,
The large blue pansies that he tended so,
The wide, white blossoms in their snowy
grace,
And hollyhocks with pink puffs all
ablow.

To stand within the room where life went
out

With breath of roses, and with perfect
peace ;

To feel again the stupor, and the doubt,
To hear the alter'd voice moan on, and
cease ;

To plead for just one conscious word, one
smile,

One feeble touch to soften down the pain ;
To watch the sun go out. The shadows
file

Across the room, — and then grow calm
again.

To carry through the years the burning
thought

Of helpful actions that were slowly done ;
To speak in dreams what echoes seldom
caught ;

To have the blessing back that Death has
won ;

To dream of dead days with their old re-
pose ;

With clearer sight correcting each mis-
take ;

And then to see the gates of life unclose,
The fine face vanish — and the morning
break.

Spectator.

EDITH RUTTER.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND.

"DEMOCRACY is in full flow," said Roger Collard under the Restoration, when the electoral qualification was fixed at three hundred francs. What would he think of our times, when not only universal suffrage is the rule almost everywhere, but when the sovereign people are aspiring to settle great legislative and constitutional questions for themselves? Would he say the stream has overflowed its banks, and dykes must be built to confine it? Or would he understand that modern governments must adapt themselves to the times and the spread of education, by taking a more and more democratic form?

Not that it signifies in the least to us what was, or what would be, the opinion of that antiquated Liberal. One evokes his memory only to mark the distance we have come since the early days of the century. And it is quite clear that the original impulse is not exhausted yet. It will continue to act until, weakened by its own excesses, it meets with a counterpoising principle which may support and sustain it, or a superior force before which it must succumb.

At present, those who concern themselves with the solution of our democratic problems are turning their eyes towards the countries which have practical experience to show. Antiquity and the Middle Ages had indeed something to say on the point; but the conditions of ancient and mediæval popular life were too different from our own for their example to be at all decisive. We must learn from the experiments of our own time. And amongst the countries that compete for our attention, Switzerland must be placed in the first rank, since none can claim a longer democratic past, or possesses more advanced or more thoroughly tested institutions. It is for this reason that I have been asked to explain to English readers the working of what we in Switzerland call "the referendum," to which must be added the complementary "right of initia-

tive" — these two forming, along with the popular election of the authorities, the main body of the essential rights of the people as exercised in this country, and giving to our institutions a character hitherto unique throughout the world.

I.

SWISS institutions, to be rightly understood, must be studied, not only in their present form, but in their historical development. There are in Switzerland twenty-five cantons, or demi-cantons, each of which has its own constitution and special laws, its own legislative, executive, and judicial authority. These independent organisms, which are like so many distinct families, are united by a common bond — the Confederation, which in its turn has a constitution and laws applicable to the whole of the territory, and a legislative, executive, and judicial authority. The federal constitution guarantees to the citizens and people of the cantons a minimum of rights and liberties, and at the same time prescribes the obligations which, in the general interest, they are bound to fulfil. Thanks to this organization, each canton becomes a practising ground for every new idea which only does not controvert the principles of the federal constitution. Experiments which have succeeded in one canton are frequently imitated by the others, or transplanted into the federal domain. Thus the democratic idea has been worked out in Switzerland at different paces, so to speak, and has given rise to institutions which vary according to the conditions, federal or cantonal, to which they have to adapt themselves.

The first and purest type of the direct democracy is the *Landsgemeinde*, which has been in existence from the origin of the Confederation six centuries ago, and which still obtains in the cantons of Uri and Glarus, the two Unterwalds, and the two Appenzells. This system very nearly embodies the ideal of Rousseau, who in his "*Contrat Social*" depicts the happiest people in the world — "where

you may see troops of peasants settling the affairs of the State under an oak, and acting always wisely." Unfortunately, the very smallest *Landsgemeinde* nowadays could hardly meet under one oak, as it would number more than two thousand citizens, while the largest — that of Appenzell (Ausser Rhoden) — is so numerous that discussion is impossible, and it has to confine itself to voting. In other respects, Rousseau's eulogium is really not exaggerated.

But, from the time that the Confederation took in towns like Lucerne (1332), Zurich (1351), Berne (1353), Fribourg and Soleure (1481), the cantons no longer presented a uniform type of pure democracy. These towns, with their more or less aristocratic organization, treated the country as a sort of subject community. The Confederation itself, or groups of cantons (including some of the democratic cantons) did the same with the common bailiwicks,¹ which included a part of Aargau, Thurgau, and Ticino. At the time of the Reformation, indeed, in the cantons of Berne and Zurich, an attempt was made at consulting the people, in order to ascertain how far they were adherents of the new religion. At Berne the votes were for the most part taken by districts, and all the men above the age of fourteen were allowed to vote, the ayes either remaining where they were, while the noes moved off to one side, or else the whole assembly voting by show of hands. The vote of each district counted as one, whatever the number of voters. At Zurich, the reference to the people did not take the form of a simple enumeration of suffrages, but the answers of the communes were given at some length, alleging the reasons for their decision.

Down to the close of the last century, the Federal Diet, composed of the representatives of the confederated and allied States, was bound, of course, to take account of all these various institutions. The representatives could not

vote without instructions received from their constituents; the proposals formulated by the Diet were taken *ad referendum*, and dealt with by each State in its own fashion. Here it was the *Landsgemeinde* that decided; there, a patriciate or a council of burghesses; in St. Gall it was a prince-abbot. The spirit of oppression which had sprung up little by little in the cantons which had bailiwicks, the rights usurped by the towns to the detriment of the country, and the intolerance shown by certain governments led more than once to popular risings. Hence the peasants' war, which began with two federal *Landsgemeinden*, so called, held at Sumiswald on the 23rd of April, 1653, and at Hutwyl on the 30th of the same month; hence the troubles at Geneva at the beginning and during the course of the eighteenth century; and hence the conspiracy of Henzi and the revolution attempted by Chenaux at Fribourg in 1781.

By the end of the eighteenth century the structure of the old Confederation, with its history of five hundred years, was rotten through and through; it crumbled under the blows of the French invasion. The new constitution of the Helvetic Republic, modelled on that of the Republic one and indivisible, perpetuated the representative system to the exclusion of the direct democracy. This was promulgated in April, 1798. It was impossible that it should last, for it had been imposed by force, and it lacked the consent of the people. Several attempts at modification were made, through the mediation of the First Consul Bonaparte, who in 1801 forwarded to the Swiss delegates assembled at Malmaison the draft of a Constitution. This draft, adopted provisionally on the twenty-ninth of May of the same year by the legislative body of the Helvetic Republic, was several times altered, and after sundry agitations and two *coups d'état*, of which one was due to the federalists and the other to the unitary party, it ended (May 20, 1802) in the production of a

¹ Lands held in common by two or more cantons.

fairly unitary constitution, which was submitted to the approval of the people. This was the first instance of direct individual suffrage taken in Switzerland on a question relating to the federal constitution. The result was: ayes, 72,453; noes, 92,423; abstentions, 167,172. Now as, by a decree of the legislature, the abstentions were to be reckoned with the ayes, the constitution forthwith came into force as having been adopted by "the great majority of citizens having the right to vote." But the federalists soon got the upper hand; and in the course of the same year (1802) they attempted a new revision, which, however, was never finished, because Bonaparte intervened by imposing his Act of Mediation (February 19, 1803).

This act, under which Switzerland was governed till 1815, re-established the democratic régime in the *Lands-gemeinde* cantons, and the representative system in all the rest, on the basis of an electoral qualification and equality of rights for the towns and the country. The partisans of the old privileged system submitted sorely against their will to the new order of things, and seized the opportunity afforded by the reverses and subsequent fall of the mediator to try to upset it. During the years 1813 and 1815 a sharp constitutional struggle was going on; the new cantons — Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, and Vaud — found their very existence menaced; the rural districts were threatened with the loss of the equality they had just acquired, and the very principle of the federative bond was imperilled. It needed a new foreign intervention — that of the Holy Alliance — to restrain these disastrous tendencies. The Congress of Vienna agreed to recognize the neutrality of Switzerland only on condition of the retention of the newly created cantons; it added those of Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva; and on the 7th of August, 1815, the representatives of the twenty-two cantons solemnized the acceptance of the constitutional act known under the name of the "Federal Compact." The compact was never submitted for

the sanction of the people. As regards the exercise of governmental authority, however, it differed in no essential particulars from the Act of Mediation.

Under the federal compact new struggles went on between the partisans of the older system and those who advocated the extension of popular rights. The constitutions of the representative cantons were regarded as a sort of charters granted by the governors, which could not be modified except at their will and pleasure. To assert the popular claim the citizens had but one way open to them — to shoulder their muskets and upset the government. Of this solitary expedient they did not fail to make use during the troublous times which lasted till 1848. Not only did they introduce into the revised constitutions the recognition of the popular right to demand a revision at any time, but some of the cantons thought good to go farther and institute the veto — that is to say, the right of the people to prevent a law from coming into force. The mode of exercise of this right varied in the different cantons. Generally it consisted of a declaration made by the non-contentants, and if, after a definite period of delay, the number of names attained a certain figure, the law was held to be rejected. St. Gall adopted the veto in 1831; rural Basle in 1832, after a rupture with the city of Basle on account of the inequality of rights between the city and the country; Valais in 1839; Lucerne in 1841. The attempts made in 1842 to introduce the new law in Zurich broke down. On the other hand, in 1842, the canton of Valais passed a measure replacing the veto by the referendum on all laws whatever; but as the first use made of the referendum was to reject the proposed measure itself, the canton went back to the representative system pure and simple (1848). Vaud (in 1845) and Berne (in 1846) adopted the optional referendum. The referendum differs from the veto inasmuch as all the citizens are called upon to pronounce, yes or no, on the acceptance of a bill, in-

stead of the initiative resting with the malcontents.

The struggle between the oligarchy and the democracy which fills the period of the "Federal Compact" was presently complicated by religious difficulties, and led in 1847 to the war of the Sonderbund. Out of this sprang a new Switzerland, governed by the federal constitution of September 12, 1848, which gave the requisite cohesion to the country by creating a strong central authority armed with the necessary powers. Along with the sovereignty of the cantons, the sovereignty of the Swiss people was proclaimed; and these two principles found expression in the two Chambers—the Conseil National, elected by popular suffrage; and the Conseil des Etats, elected by cantonal suffrage. The democratic principle was further emphasized by a triple reference to the people, under the following conditions: (1) The cantonal constitutions, before they can receive the guarantee of the Confederation, must have been accepted by the people, and must be open to revision at any time upon the demand of an absolute majority of the citizens; (2) The federal constitution itself, and any modification of it, can only come into force by the suffrages of the majority of Swiss citizens taking part in the vote, and the majority of the cantons; (3) fifty thousand Swiss citizens may at any time require that the question of revising the Federal Constitution shall be submitted to the people, who in this case are alone consulted, no account being taken of the cantons. If the vote is affirmative, the Chambers must be dissolved, and re-elected for the purpose of the revision. Similarly, a dissolution must take place if the two Chambers disagree on the question of revision, and the people, who must then be appealed to, decide in favor of it.

It will be seen from this that the regenerated Confederation was seeking to put an end to the causes which from 1815 to 1848 had led to repeated conflicts in the cantons between the people and their representatives. For this

purpose it instituted a regular method by which changes in the cantonal constitutions could be carried out; and it applied a similar proceeding to the Federal Constitution itself. There was a rooted idea that if there were any disagreement between the majority of the people and their representatives—were it only on a single point—it was the duty of the latter to resign. The regular mode of bringing about a change of government in most of the cantons, both at that time and even much later, was to demand the revision of the Constitution; though some cantons had a special form of procedure for the dismissal of the authorities pure and simple. In this way the sovereign people displayed and emphasized their sovereignty. They endured, indeed, as yet, in the Confederation and in most of the cantons, the ordinary parliamentary system for purposes of legislation; but they thoroughly distrusted it, and were only anxious to find the means of replacing it by a direct democracy.

We shall see by what successive developments they attained their end.

II.

It was in German Switzerland that the democratic movement took its rise in its most accentuated form. It has been justly observed that German Switzerland is the more democratic by temperament, and Latin Switzerland the more socialistic. The canton of Basle-rural was passing, in 1862 and the succeeding years, through a singular political crisis. A former teacher, named Rolle, had succeeded in making himself the chief of a party which aimed at the practical realization of the maxim, "Tout par le peuple." The election of all functionaries by popular vote; the compulsory referendum on all measures whatsoever; the constant intervention of the people in the conduct of public affairs—such was the programme of the party; a programme which was for a time carried out to the letter, and led to incredible absurdities. The leaders of this extraordinary régime soon fell from power, but they

left behind them lasting traces of their work.

A few years later, in 1868, Zurich went through a somewhat similar crisis. This canton had hitherto possessed a purely representative system; but the people had become indifferent to the conduct of public affairs, and the polls were ill attended. The result was what it generally is under such circumstances; abuses had crept little by little into the administration, and the more deeply rooted they became, the less easy it was to find courage to attack them. Absorbed in their manufactures, their merchandise, their banking and railway transactions, the influential men had neglected the interests of the State. Such, at least, was the accusation brought against them in a series of pamphlets full of caustic wit, but virulent and outrageous as if the writer's pen were possessed, by one Dr. Locher, a jurist by profession, who might be compared, in more respects than one, to Henri Rochefort. A brisk agitation followed the appearance of these pamphlets. A Socialist leader, Karl Bürkli, who had hitherto preached to deaf ears on the necessity of extending the rights of the people, now sprang up again with his programme, and other politicians espoused and popularized his ideas. The revision of the Constitution was resolved upon. After some lively debates between parliamentarians and democrats, the compulsory referendum was introduced, not only for constitutional changes (which is a matter of federal law), but for all laws and concordats, for all resolutions of general import which the Grand Council is not authorized to pass, and for matters which the Council itself may decide to lay before the people. The popular vote was taken twice a year, in spring and autumn. The right of initiative was also granted to this extent, that the elaboration, abrogation, or modification of a legislative act must be submitted to the decision of the people if one-third of the members of the Great Council, or five thousand citizens, should demand it.

The example set by this great canton was naturally contagious. Thurgau soon followed, then Berne, then Schaffhausen, and so on, till the movement extended in due course to the Confederation itself. As early as 1865 an attempt had been made by the advanced Radicals to bring about a revision of the Federal Constitution, for the purpose of extending the popular rights; but the fifty thousand signatures were not forthcoming. A few years later the Franco-German war demonstrated the necessity of a constitutional revision in order to increase the military powers of the Confederation. But the movement did not stop there. The unification of the laws of commerce and of certain matters of police (such as the regulation of labor in factories, woods and waters, hunting and fishing, etc.) was imperative, on account of the inter-cantonal character of this legislation. The democrats would lend no hand to the extension of federal powers without an accompanying extension of popular rights. Here again great debates ensued between democrats and parliamentarians. Amongst all the various forms proposed for the exercise of democratic rights — the right of initiative, the right of dismissal, the veto, the optional referendum, the compulsory and general referendum, etc., a limited referendum carried the day. The Constitution of the 19th of April, 1874, contained an article to the following effect:—

“The Federal laws are subject to the adoption or rejection of the people, if the demand is made by thirty thousand active citizens, or by eight cantons. It is the same with federal resolutions of general import which are not of an urgent character.”

It was urged, on the federalist side, that the laws should not be taken as adopted unless the adhesion of a majority of the cantons were also obtained, as in the case of the Federal Constitution. But this proposal was rejected on the ground that it would lead to frequent conflicts between the popular majority and the majority of cantons,

which might imperil the federative organization itself. It was illogical, no doubt; but Swiss institutions are not based on inflexible logic — they are the product of a series of compromises between historical deductions and modern ideas, and historical deductions have often had to give way before present exigencies. And experience has shown that this is the only way to maintain the national equilibrium.

Once introduced into the Federal Constitution, the referendum could not but succeed in the cantons which had hitherto rejected it. Fribourg is now the only canton which retains the purely representative form; and there, as elsewhere, the change can only be a matter of time.

At present, out of twenty-five cantonal units, the six already mentioned have the old democracy embodied in the *Landsgemeinde*; ten have the compulsory referendum (Zurich, Berne, Schwytz, Zug, Soleure, rural Basle, Schaffhausen, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau); eight have the optional referendum (Lucerne, urban Basle, St. Gall, Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, Geneva); and Fribourg alone does not permit the direct intervention of the people at all in matters of legislation.

Of these various forms, the only one which really corresponds to the idea of self-government, strictly so-called, is the *Landsgemeinde*; but this is only possible in cantons which muster not more than a few thousand electors. In Glarus, which has some five or six thousand, the last limit is reached so far as the possibility of discussion is concerned; and in Appenzell (Ausser Rhoden), which numbers ten or twelve thousand active citizens, the *Landsgemeinde* votes without discussion, as we have said.

The compulsory referendum may next be considered, as approaching the most nearly to the *Landsgemeinde*. By this system the people are called together once or twice in the year to ratify the principal acts of the legislature. Each citizen receives in advance

the text of the measures to be submitted to him, together with a message explaining them, and a voting paper, on which he writes aye or no to each of the proposed measures. On the day fixed for the ballot he goes and deposits his paper in the urn. In some cantons the electoral assembly, meeting at a fixed hour in each commune, may re-discuss the measures proposed before proceeding to vote; but in general this discussion takes place through the press or in non-official public meetings.

The optional referendum is an improved form of the old veto. It consists in the right of a certain number of citizens — the number varying according to the importance of the cantons — to demand, within a given time, that such and such a measure shall be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection. If the term of delay is not utilized in the prescribed manner, the bill or resolution is held to be passed. If, on the other hand, the signatures to the demand attain the requisite number, the text of the controverted proposal is distributed to all the active citizens, who are summoned to vote on a given day. The optional referendum, being in its nature an act of opposition, generally provokes a pretty lively contest, first over the getting of the signatures, and still more over the votes themselves.

Let us see how the optional referendum works under the Federal Constitution. Every law or resolution of general importance passed by the Chambers is published in the official paper, which fixes a term of ninety days from the day of publication for the exercise of the right of opposition. When the signatures have been collected, they are transmitted to the Federal Chancellery, which verifies the number and authentication of the signatures (the authentications are obtained without fee from the mayor in each commune) and reports to the Federal Council. The Council decides whether or not the demand is sufficient and the voting will take place, and fixes the day, which must be suffi-

ciently distant for at least four weeks to pass between the time when the text of the opposed measure is in the hands of the citizens and the polling day. This time is utilized for public discussion. The law or resolution is held to be accepted if it obtains an absolute majority of the citizens taking part in the vote.

There has been much dispute as to the relative value of the compulsory and the optional referendum. This question is intimately associated with another question: What are the matters which have to be submitted to the referendum? The extreme democrats maintain that everything must spring from the popular vote; but experience dispels many illusions. Thus several cantons—*e.g.*, Berne and Aargau—submitted the budget of State receipts and expenditure. The people rejected it over and over again. It was then admitted that this was an exaggeration of the principle; and it was laid down that the budget, being a mere statement of the execution of laws already voted, must be regarded as a simple act of administration, for which the referendum was not required. The Confederation itself has been obliged to exclude from the referendum not only the budget, but the ratification of international treaties, where a rejection might place the country in an impossible position. It has also been found necessary to restrict the class of resolutions which are dependent on the referendum to such as are of general import—*i.e.*, which involve permanent measures, imposing obligations of a new description on the Confederation or the cantons, or upon private persons. Such are the encouragements held out to agriculture, to technical education, and so forth. Those resolutions, on the other hand, which refer to such matters as public works, the construction of buildings, the conservancy of rivers and the like, are treated as purely administrative, and not requiring the formality of popular sanction. Finally, it has been necessary to provide for the plea of urgency being admitted in certain cases; but this pro-

vision is not readily had recourse to, for fear of arousing the suspicions and recriminations of the people.

Again and again the question has been raised, whether the referendum should not be made compulsory in federal affairs. But practical reasons have always been against it. The compulsory referendum may work without inconvenience in a canton, where the population is comparatively homogeneous, the interests less opposed, and where there are fewer questions to deal with than in the Confederation. The Federal Assembly has on the average three sessions a year, and each session disposes of some fifty or sixty subjects. Now, if only so much as one-tenth of these subjects has to be submitted to the referendum, it is easy to see what a burden must be laid upon the citizens, who are already required to pronounce upon numerous cantonal and communal affairs. In the city of Berne, for instance, we have had as many as twelve polling days in a year—elections included; and the day's voting would sometimes include half-a-dozen or more questions of different kinds. How is it possible, under these circumstances, for the "active citizen" to master all his subjects, and know exactly what he is doing? And how would it be if all the multifarious and difficult questions which come before the Federal Assembly every session were added to the list?

The chief objection to the optional referendum is that it plays too much into the hands of the Opposition. In order to obtain signatures, the Opposition has to create a sort of adverse current, which is afterwards very difficult to control. It is to this fact that the defeats suffered by the Federal Assembly on very advanced measures, and also on some very insignificant ones, are mainly attributed.

Let us see whether this objection is borne out by the facts.

In the course of the twenty years ending with last December the Federal Assembly passed one hundred and eighty bills and resolutions of a general character; the referendum was

demanding for eighteen of these ; and the people, when consulted, accepted six and rejected twelve. Four of the twelve — a bill on composition for military service, one on bank-notes, one on epidemics, and a resolution on commercial travellers' licenses — were completely recast and finally passed without further opposition. For the rest, provisional measures were resorted to in the more urgent cases, and the administrative machinery was thus kept going, the difficulties of the referendum notwithstanding.

As to the motives which decided the attitude of the people under these different circumstances, they may be summed up under two heads : either the points in question had been dealt with by the Federal Assembly in a manner which did not accord with the views of the opposing party, or else it was a simple manifestation of ill-humor at the general course of political affairs, or even an attempt to embarrass the central authority and foment a popular disturbance. In this last connection it cannot be denied that the optional referendum has here and there furnished a base of operations for the demagogue ; but it may be affirmed that on the whole the Swiss people have used their new powers with moderation. The optional referendum has often hindered, but it has never destroyed ; it is not within its scope to do so. It is an instrument of conservation, not of demolition. It acts as a restraint on the authorities ; it obliges them to govern with caution ; but it does not make government impossible, for it is not in its power to disorganize the State.

I doubt whether, in federal affairs, the compulsory referendum would give any better results. On the contrary, it is to be feared that under such a system more than one practical measure affecting some special locality or industry — such as those relating to watch-making or the phylloxera — would have failed to find grace with the majority, who would simply have seen no reason for them. Under the compulsory referendum the absence of opposition

in the case of useful measures of a non-party character would often have led to their rejection, while the optional referendum has for the most part applied its veto to those subjects only which presented a good platform to the Opposition, and which consequently were keenly contested. It may be said, however, in general, that the compulsory referendum also acts rather as a check on the government, and thus exercises a conservative influence. Like the optional referendum, it is not necessarily hostile to progress, but its effect is to keep it within bounds and make it conformable to the views of the general body of citizens.

Be this as it may, under the influence of the referendum, optional or compulsory, a profound change has come over the spirit both of parliaments and people. The idea of employer and employed, of the sender and the sent, which lies at the root of the representative system, becomes an absolute reality. The people still choose their representatives to make the laws, but they reserve the right of sanction. When they reject a law, in virtue of this sovereign right, there is no entering on a state of conflict, for a conflict can only take place where the exercise of a right is met by a competing claim ; and there is here no claim to compete. The craftsman carries out the work to his own satisfaction ; the employer who gave the order is of a different opinion, and sends it back to be altered. It is perfectly simple ; each has done his duty within the limits assigned him ; there is no ground of quarrel. The legislator is not discredited ; he is only in the position of a deputy whose bill is not passed. There is no question of resigning. If here and there a measure is rejected, other measures are passed ; there is clearly no want of confidence. Moreover, after rejecting a law, it is quite common to re-elect the same representatives. Thus the new *régime* leaves no room for either ministerial or parliamentary crises. The representatives of the people are elected for a comparatively short term, generally three

years. During this time—thanks to the restraining referendum—they can do nothing really contrary to the public will, at least in any essential matter. If they prove incapable, or if their action gives cause of complaint, they are replaced at the next elections, and there is an end of it. We are far enough by this time from that era of revolutions which marked the period between 1815 and 1848.

But every medal has its reverse. The fear of the referendum tends to make timid legislators, who sometimes lack the courage to vote for what they believe to be the best for the country, or, having voted for it, to stand up for it before their fellow-citizens; they prefer to let it go without a struggle. The referendum has also given birth to a camarilla of politicians who exploit the credulity or passions of the populace in order to oppose measures which are perfectly legitimate.

Nevertheless, the new system has borne good fruits. The people have generally shown themselves wiser than the meddling politicians who have tried to draw them into systematic opposition. If now and then they have voted under the influence of obvious ill-humor with their own representatives, they have, on the other hand, more than once given the agitator clearly to understand that he had no chance with them. The net result has been a great tranquillizing of public life. The debates which precede and accompany a referendary movement are a normal manifestation of the popular life. And when the ballot has pronounced, everybody accepts the result. Not unfrequently the press, which loves to parade itself as the voice of public opinion, has been belied by the vote. Those who make the most noise cannot here impose on the people as they do in other countries; they are taken for what they are really worth. Adapted to a people fundamentally democratic, like the Swiss, the referendum is unquestionably one of the best forms of government ever attempted. It may be thought good to modify it in ac-

cordance with the suggestions of experience, but there can never again be any question of doing away with it.

III.

IN Switzerland, the popular initiative is regarded as the necessary complement of the referendum. It is, so to speak, the positive side of a right of which the referendum represents rather the negative side. By the referendum the people approves or rejects the work of its representatives. By the initiative it invites them to take such and such a constitutional or legislative measure, on which, nevertheless, it still reserves the last word to itself.

With regard to constitutional matters, we have seen, in the historical sketch already given, that the most important victory achieved by the democratic movement which regenerated Switzerland in 1848 was the acquisition of the right of initiative. In virtue of the Federal law then laid down, every constitution is subject to revision on the demand of a majority of the active citizens. There were, however, different modes of applying this principle. A certain number of cantons recognized the right of the people to specify which articles of the Constitution should be amended, while in other cantons revision could only be demanded in general terms, and it rested with the representative authority to decide to what points the revision should be directed.

It was this last system that prevailed in the Federal Constitution of 1848. The Constitution was a compromise; and it was foreseen that it would not do to let a chance majority have the power of imperilling or destroying its nice equilibrium by a side attack on its very foundations. The Federal Assembly, as the guardian of the rights of all, must alone have the power of introducing modifications, and in this matter it possessed the right of initiative. In 1865, after the conclusion of the treaty of commerce with France, the Assembly proposed to the people and the cantons a revision of the Constitution bearing upon nine points, of which

only one was agreed to. The Extreme Left then proceeded to claim for the people the right of initiating partial as well as general revisions. In the general revision of 1872-4, however, the earlier dispositions relative to the popular initiative were left untouched. In 1878 the Federal Assembly, acting under the pressure of public opinion, proposed the revision of Article 65 — an article abolishing the penalty of death — so as to allow the re-introduction of the penalty in certain cantons where it was considered desirable. The revision was adopted. Two years later, in 1880, another attempt at the initiation of partial revision was made by M. Toos of Schaffhausen, who sent in fifty thousand signatures demanding that the people should be consulted on the question of establishing a federal bank with the exclusive right to issue notes. The Federal Assembly, considering this mode of putting the question unconstitutional, refused to adopt it, and laid before the people only the customary question: "Do you desire a revision of the Constitution?" The answer was in the negative. But the agitation was continued by the Extreme Left, who claimed an initiative for the people on the plea that it could not have fewer rights than its own representatives. In 1885 the Catholic Right supported the demand, and finally the Federal Council proposed to the Chambers an article introducing the popular initiative in matters of partial revision. The project rested on the following bases: If the revision of an article of the Federal Constitution, or the addition of a new article, is demanded by fifty thousand citizens, the people are first to be consulted on the preliminary question, "Do you desire the proposed revision?" If the reply is in the affirmative, it will be the duty of Parliament to draft the bill, which is then to be submitted to the vote of the people and the cantons.

The advanced democrats, however, refused to accept this as a solution, and succeeded in carrying another proposition, by which the fifty thousand citizens have the right to draft the new

article themselves, and to require that it shall be submitted directly to the people and the cantons. The Chambers have then the alternative of recommending the adoption or rejection of the article, or of bringing in an alternative proposal — unless, indeed, they prefer to take no action at all. In this form the principle of the popular initiative was adopted by the people amidst universal indifference, scarcely three hundred thousand electors out of six hundred and fifty thousand taking part in the voting — 183,029 ayes to 120,599 noes. But when it came to putting the new law in operation, there were found to be serious difficulties. How, for instance, was the question to be put in case of the Federal Assembly proposing a counter-project of their own? The citizens, while agreeing that the article should be revised, might be satisfied with neither the one plan nor the other. They could not express their views unless they were allowed first to answer the question, "Is the article to be revised?" And what complications might not result from such a system of voting, the whole inquiry being carried through at the same time, on a given day! However, for good or evil, the law was passed — a law which has been justly criticised by those who have examined it closely, and which can never work well under its present form.

The first use made of the popular initiative was not a happy one. An anti-Semite committee had long been clamoring for the prohibition of the mode of slaughter adopted in Jewish slaughter-houses. After minute inquiries, which resulted in proving that this method of slaughter was no more cruel than any other, and that it formed part of the rites of the Jewish religion, the federal authorities refused to grant the prohibition. But no sooner was the popular initiative secured than the anti-Semite committee collected the necessary signatures and demanded the introduction of a constitutional article forbidding the slaughter of animals without first stunning them. It was an appeal to the religious passions of

the people; the article was adopted, after a sharp contest, on the 20th of August, 1893, by 191,527 votes to 127,101, and by eleven and a half cantons against ten and a half. Nevertheless, as the drafters of the article had forgotten to impose any penalties, it has remained a dead letter in those cantons which did not care to put it in force. The anti-Semite committee has since repeatedly petitioned for a federal law insisting on compliance, but the federal authorities justly reply that it does not come within their powers.

In two other cases the initiative has been taken in formulating a law — once by the Socialist party, demanding the right to labor; and once by the Extreme Right, demanding the partition of the customs duties between the Confederation and the cantons. In both cases the people showed more sense than on the slaughter of animals question; they rejected the first demand by 308,289 votes to 75,880, and by twenty-two cantons to none; and the second by 347,046 votes to 145,207, and by thirteen and a half cantons to eight and a half.

It is generally agreed in Switzerland that the popular initiative, as it is now established by the Federal Constitution, might at any time place the country in very considerable danger. From the moment that the regular representatives of the people are placed in such a position that they have no more say in the matter than an irresponsible committee drawing up articles in a bar parlor, it is clear that the limits of sound democracy have been passed, and that the reign of demagoguery has begun. The people have no other safeguard than their own good sense. The good sense of the Swiss people is certainly very great; but who is to guarantee us against moments of sudden excitement or of unreflecting passion, when the bounds of reason and justice may again be overstepped, as in the case of the Jewish slaughterhouse regulations? The shaping of a wise constitution must always be a matter of weighing and balancing; it cannot be permitted that the gravest

decisions should be the work of impulse or surprise. The generally adopted system of two Chambers, and of two or three readings for every bill before it passes into law, is in itself a recognition of this fact. But the demagogue is impatient of all these obstacles; he wants a single Chamber and deliberation by steam. It cannot be denied that the Swiss people have shown a want of wisdom in adopting a system of initiative which places all our institutions at the mercy of any daring attempt instigated by the demagogue and favored by precisely such circumstances as should rather incline us to take time for reflection. But it is, no doubt, a momentary error, which will be repaired at the earliest opportunity.

In matters of legislation it has been seen that the canton of Zurich had in 1868 anticipated the demand for the popular initiative. It was the same in other cantons. Although this right has no explicit place in the Confederation, yet the formulated initiative comes practically to the same thing, since there is nothing to prevent a group of citizens from drawing up their own proposals in detail and demanding that the people and the cantons shall be called upon to say whether or not they shall become an integral part of the Constitution. Here again one sees to what strange results the formulated initiative may lead.

In contrast to the referendum, which is an instrument of conservation, the popular initiative may thus easily become the tool of a revolutionary movement. Thus it happened that one fine day the electors of Zurich thought good to grant a monopoly of the right of issuing bank-notes for the benefit of the State, in plain defiance of Article 39 of the Federal Constitution, which at that time forbade the creation of any such monopoly. Naturally, the decision was reversed by the federal authority; but there is unfortunately no authority to reverse a mistaken decision of the whole Swiss people. Elsewhere, too, as for instance in the federal city of Berne, on a question relating to a bridge, the popular initia-

tive has been found to lead to almost insoluble complications. It is obvious that we are here in presence of a force far more difficult to organize and control than the referendum; but one may hope that repeated experiments may lead at last to success.

To sum up. Switzerland presents, thanks to the referendum and the popular initiative, the most complete example there is of a direct government by the people existing in modern times and under modern conditions. Can this example be imitated elsewhere? Not easily. In constitutional countries it would be necessary, to begin with, to adopt the Swiss doctrine that a negative vote on the referendum does not entail the dissolution of the Chambers; otherwise the result would be a state of perpetual agitation, worse than that which it is sought to remedy. Logically, according to this doctrine, the Cabinet also ought not to be obliged to retire before an adverse vote of the Chambers; and hence would result again the periodicity of ministerial functions, which would put an end to that office-hunting which is the chief motive of many a parliamentary man. It would mean a radical transformation of political life in those countries. At present the appeal to the country takes place only on the most serious occasions; and it is the prime minister himself who makes the appeal when he has reason to suppose that the representatives of the people are no longer in touch with their constituents. If in these countries the appeal to the nation on any question were to originate with the nation itself, as is the case in Switzerland, one cannot conceal from oneself that it would probably lead to the most unexpected consequences. It would, indeed, be possible to fix beforehand the subjects on which it should be obligatory to consult the people, which would deprive the reference of any hostile character. But with the ideas current in those countries, would there not still be a tendency to regard a negative vote as an expression of want of confidence, before which the

representatives of the people would be constrained to retire?

I think, indeed, that I have sufficiently shown that, for the reasons I have here developed, the referendum and the initiative in Switzerland form part of a system of government of which all the pieces hang together. It appears to me very doubtful whether it would be possible to introduce these two institutions elsewhere without at the same time introducing a mechanism of government similar to that of which they have become part and parcel here.

NUMA DROZ.

From The Argosy.

LADY JOAN.

I.

THE luxurious paraphernalia of afternoon tea, and of drinks that were not tea, had vanished. From a score or so of smart guests, whose *persiflage* had, for the last hour, enlivened the ancient library of Somersby Park, only two remained: a girl, near the fire rendered welcome by the damp October day, and a young man in the oriel window.

The girl's seat was a stool; her hands were clasped before her knees, her eyes fixed upon the dancing blaze. She was very still; stillness seemed a part of her. The young man, from his oriel, surveyed her with some amusement, lowering his book. She looked like a little white spirit, he remarked inwardly, noting the pale yellow hair, the colorless, childlike profile, and the undeveloped form.

"Should you think me rude if I offered you a certain penny, Lady Joan?"

"Mr. Darcy! I did not know you were here! I am glad. I was just thinking about you."

She glanced towards him over her slight young shoulder, her position otherwise unchanged. Darcy rose.

"Indeed! That is disappointing. I fancied, from your expression, that you were thinking about something interesting."

Lady Joan's eyes returned to the blaze.

"So I was," she answered with the same grave composure: "I mean only that you were mixed up in it. I was making plans to join your work in south London."

Darcy stared, and suppressed a smile.

"To join it, Lady Joan?"

"Yes. I was listening while you talked to Mr. Holcroft. I liked all your schemes. You said you wanted more money. I have a great deal of money. I have been longing, for years, to spend it in work like that."

The young man came nearer, and sat down.

"Longing?" he repeated.

"I think 'longing' is the right word. I might say 'burning;' but people laugh at those strong expressions. Still, it has really often seemed to me a burning fire. I could not speak like this to any one but you."

"I feel highly honored by your confidence," said Darcy lightly.

"Don't talk in that company way. I hate it so! I want you to help me. Will you listen?"

She rested her cheek upon her hand, and looked full at him, as he bent, still amused, but eager, towards her.

"Imagine that I am some poor woman in the New Cut, and then you will be able to stop chaffing."

"I was not chaffing; I was in earnest. But I won't obtrude myself again. I am really anxious to listen. In fact I am very curious. How can I help you?"

"By making it easy for me to get free," she said; "I have no nearer relations than the Wilingtons, and they are only third cousins; but I have lived with them for five years — since my father died; and it is hard to go against them. I am not really responsible to any one; Lord Wilington was my guardian — but I came of age last month. My money is entirely in my own control; my father left it so. I have a fixed plan for my life. But I did not know how difficult it would be to break through all the customs and

conventionalities. Julia — Lady Wilington — is shocked, and Lord Wilington only laughs. I have thought, and thought, but I can do nothing without help."

"What exactly is it that you wish to do?"

"I have told you; to live near you, in the New Cut. I am dreadfully inexperienced. I have been kept away, all my life, from the poor. Lady Wilington's model village doesn't count; the church holds eighty, and the population is not enough to fill it. I must work under direction, and yet I dread fetters and red tape. I would rather be alone, with a kind maid. You told Mr. Holcroft, last night, that a rich lady, who would really devote herself, might do wonders. It's not the wonders I care about, but I want to give my life to the poor."

Darcy's grey eyes, which had changed from scrutiny to sympathy, kindled.

"And you think if I —"

"If you engaged a small house for me — or rooms — and wrote, when all was settled, to say so, I could have my things packed, and tell the Wilingtons that I was going next day. My present maid would do to start with, very well. Perhaps you could collect a few girls to meet me at your hall. I would sing to them, and tell them my plans; that opening would lead on. Very soon I should have plunged into all I wish. And then, there I should be, if you wanted money."

She looked back into the fire. Darcy had listened attentively. He paused, subduing some impulse, before he answered.

"You are very young, Lady Joan."

"So much the better! Twenty years seem a moment."

"You have seen little, as yet, of the world. Excuse me for doubting whether you altogether know your own mind."

"Excuse me, also, Mr. Darcy, for contradicting you. I have gone through three seasons."

"Yes, with your head in the clouds. I watched you many a time last sum-

mer. I could never have believed you anything like your real age! You have looked, among the most splendid surroundings — pardon me, I must speak out — like a little girl, dutifully attending some tawdry pantomime, and too young to understand it."

"Have I? Now you know why. I have been thinking always of the poor — and the contrast — and the awfulness — and counting the days till I came into my money. Will you be like the rest, and laugh at me? Are there so many fellow-spirits in your great work, that you can afford to push one away who prays to join hands with you and give all she has for the aims your heart is set on?"

Again she looked at him, cheek on hand, white and calm.

"There are many considerations," he began. The door flew open.

"Joan!" cried Lady Wilmington's ringing voice; "Mr. Holcroft is dying to hear you sing. Will you come now, or wait till after dinner?"

"I can come now," said Joan, with indifference. She went slowly, as in a dream, not further noticing Darcy.

II.

MR. HOLCROFT once flippantly answered to some query — the rudeness of which was disguised by a silvery accent — "I specs I grow'd." He had, in fact, risen from the ranks, but was now, at two-and-thirty, M.P. for the Castle Hamlets. His fluency had "caught on;" moreover, he was reported rich enough to buy up the House which he adorned. The ladies' gallery, when he spoke, was uncomfortably crowded. In person he was tall and broad, with a ruddy complexion, an abundance of black hair, and bright dark eyes. A more decided physical contrast to Lady Joan's companion in the library could hardly exist. This thought flashed across her as she followed Lady Wilmington to the drawing-room. Flashed merely; she was too much absorbed in other subjects to dwell upon it.

She was dimly aware of Mr. Holcroft's stepping forward to thank her,

of sitting down and singing mechanically as words and notes came to her. Her mind was far away; her auditors did not know the source of that pathetic force which thrilled them like the influence of a thrush in a still grove.

"If I were Rubinstein, I would write music for your voice, Lady Joan," said the member, drawing nearer as she rose.

It had grown dusk; his eyes glowed like smouldering coals. Lady Joan looked up at him in silence, absently, and again contrasted him with Darcy.

"What were you and Mr. Darcy so absorbed about, if I may ask?" said Lady Wilmington, later. "Come and warm your feet in my dressing-room, child, you look so cold. I felt almost ashamed to interrupt you. He seemed quite confused; and you were gazing with all your soul in your face, as the novels say. Do pray condescend to my inquisitiveness."

"It was nothing of much consequence — to you, at least. I did not know that you had Mr. Darcy's photograph, Julia. May I see?"

She took a framed vignette from a motley collection above the mantelpiece.

"It is rather a beautiful face when one looks into it," she said, with the same musing abstraction.

"My dear Joan! You heighten my curiosity! It is a clever face, certainly — and some might consider it interesting. But — beautiful! it has not one perfect feature."

"Features are secondary," said Lady Joan.

The face which she was studying was thin and brown, with a rugged nose of aquiline tendency, a strong mouth, and eyes set somewhat deeply under level brows.

"You can have it, if you like," said Lady Wilmington, smilingly watching her. "I want the frame for Mr. Holcroft."

"Thank you. If you would turn out this face for Mr. Holcroft's, you are certainly not worthy of it."

"My dear child, when did you develop this *penchant* for Mr. Darcy?"

"It's not a *penchant*," said Joan, sitting down, and clasping her hands behind her straw-colored head. "His work has interested me for seven years. I was only fourteen when first I heard of his coming of age, and going away to live in some dreadful part of London among the poor. People were laughing and wondering how soon he would get tired. He never did get tired, you see, in the way they meant. I knew he never would."

"You had the gift of prescience, I conclude, my dear, since, whatever you heard as a child, you made his actual acquaintance, for the first time very slightly, five months ago."

"He was almost a millionaire," Lady Joan went on reflectively, ignoring this remark. "And now he is poor. I dare say he made mistakes at first. He would know better how to manage money now."

"You had better take care, dear," said Lady Wilmington affably. "It is all very well up here, alone with me."

Lady Joan fixed her clear gaze upon her cousin.

"What is all very well?"

"This — interest — in Mr. Darcy."

"In Mr. Darcy's work."

"That is all very well too. But when a girl and a young man —"

"Is he a young man?"

"My dear Joan!"

"I never thought of him in that light."

Her face changed suddenly. She stood up, dignified and grave.

"I thought of him merely as a fellow-being, living out a great purpose, whose disciple I would wish to be."

"The less you mention him in this exalted strain, the better, if you will take my advice."

"The world is even more absurd than I imagined it, then. But I will have courage to rise above the world."

"Something more than courage is required for that, my dear; your little powers would hardly come off as you anticipate in the contest. But why, after all, blame the poor world? What you need, Joan, is common sense."

"I shall be late if I don't dress,"

said Lady Joan. "Here is your photograph."

"I told you that the frame must be cleared for Mr. Holcroft," cried Lady Wilmington, laughing.

But the door had softly closed. Joan was gone.

III.

SHORTLY before his departure on the following morning, Darcy was crossing the hall, when a low voice called to him.

"Mr. Darcy, may I speak to you?"

Lady Joan stood in the entrance of the billiard-room. He remembered his simile of a little white spirit. Her childlike face was resolutely set, her clear eyes looked full into his own.

"No one will come. They are shooting. I want to see you alone."

"Certainly," returned Darcy, with heightened color.

A moment later they were shut in together, she seated at the end of the long room, he standing before her, leaning against the table.

"We were interrupted yesterday. Did you realize that I was in earnest? There is no one else — no one at all — who would stir a finger to deliver me. Will you contrive that I may be the helper who is wanted?"

Darcy hesitated — not in his mind; but the answer upon which, during a wakeful night he had resolved, seemed hard to utter.

"You are too young, Lady Joan."

"You were just my age when you sold your land and gave the price and yourself to south London."

"The two cases cannot be compared. I am a man."

"But if you directed me they might turn out much the same, though I am a woman."

Darcy's eyes fell before those guileless ones; his flush rose.

"Don't think me ungrateful," he said; "I quite understand. I have been considering. Your offer is most kind."

"Kind!" Lady Joan clenched her hands.

"But I cannot accept it," said Darcy,

walking to a window. "I must submit to be thought ungracious, unsympathizing — what you will. You are out of your teens, certainly; but I know how persistently quiet you have been."

"Because I was keeping myself for this," said the girl, with suppressed passion.

"I know also that Lady Wilmington feels she has hardly done her duty to you—that now, her elder daughters being married, she means to devote herself more exclusively to—to—your interests. You scarcely realize your position—as so great an heiress, in addition to your rank. I should be simply a hound to take advantage of your ignorance before you have had more opportunity——"

"For what?" asked Lady Joan, with stateliness.

Darcy hurriedly altered his sentence.

"Before, in short, you know what you are about. I could not, Lady Joan, indeed." He returned to the table, his self-control now complete. "In two years' time—this is my resolve if in two years you are still of the same mind, I will come to you and ask—perhaps I must then entreat—what now you offer."

He did not look at her; but—blankly—she looked at him.

"I can't understand," she said, after a short silence; "I read your speech in July, when your new hall was opened. Have you changed in such a little while? Would you really wish me—or any one—to throw away two whole years?"

"As for wishing," said Darcy, his eyes upon the ground, "I know my present duty; that is enough."

Lady Joan stood up, still and calm.

"I suppose it must be true that familiarity with pain makes people callous," she said. "But, from your talk with Mr. Holcroft, I never could have believed you callous—you! Still, two years! Think of the thousands I might help, who will be dead or worse in two years!"

Her eyes grew wide.

"Good-bye, Mr. Darcy." She held out a cold little hand.

"Good-bye," he returned mechanically. His clasp lingered upon her passive fingers. "Don't misjudge me, Lady Joan."

"The dog-cart is come round, sir," announced a servant.

"Must you really go, Mr. Darcy?" cried Lady Wilmington's voice. The girl turned and flitted away by a side door. As Darcy drove from the house, he glanced up and saw her face in a high window, looking gravely after him. "Good-bye," her silent eyes seemed to repeat.

"Shall I write and explain?" he thought. He lashed the horse; the railway was soon in view. A few hours and he was back in his lodgings, chosen for their position in the heart of the great underworld, to whose service he had pledged himself. Beyond the grimy windows the sun was setting in dun clouds, an hour earlier, it appeared, than at Somersby. Two slipshod lads were jeering at a half-tipsy costermonger as he tried to kick his donkey. A blear-eyed girl, with matted locks below a battered hat, was hawking limp chrysanthemums. The luxurious library, the scented fire, and the white little figure silent in its glow, rose with vivid recollection before Darcy. To that question, still inwardly resounding, he answered:—

"No."

"Two years," he said, leaning against the window-frame, while flaring lights sprang out each after each in the gin-palace over the way. A drizzle began to fall in the street. The costermonger pulled up his coat-collar; the flower-girl vanished through an entry.

"Two years," said Darcy again.

He drew down his blinds, and absorbed himself in his accumulated letters.

IV.

"SHALL you be in town this winter, Lady Joan?"

The gentlemen had just entered from the dining-room. Lady Joan, who sat partly hidden by a huge palm, looked up slowly.

"I wonder whether you would come out to the East End now and then, and sing at my People's Concerts? Your voice would waft those poor things to Paradise! I am organizing a series of entertainments in connection with my Thrift Union."

"What is your Thrift Union?" asked Lady Joan. She was still as ever, but the forlornness left her eyes.

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale. I might weary you," said Mr. Holcroft.

"I could never weary of plans for the people. You did not mention it in your talk with Mr. Darcy."

"No; Darcy has his own ideas, and I have mine. My Thrift Union is the apple of my eye. You see, I judge of thrift by experience. I had not Darcy's preliminary advantages. I was tumbled into the world; I climbed myself, and now I will help others to climb."

"But Mr. Darcy does that too."

"By the way, climbing is not his idea for them. He goes to work — naturally, of course — on the old conservative lines. His efforts are splendid as to relieving distress, combating vice, overcrowding, and so forth. He and I are two — that's all."

Lady Joan looked with sudden curiosity at the roughly handsome face. She was tired of conventional faces. The air of energy and hardihood in these strong features awakened a new interest.

"Won't you sit down? What do you mean exactly by helping them to climb?"

"I have a vision," said Holcroft, taking a neighboring chair and leaning towards her, his arm thrown over its back, "of a world which might possibly shock you. I am very democratic, you know."

"I am democratic too," said Lady Joan.

A triumphant light gleamed in his eyes.

"That speech sounds strange from your lips! But I may talk to you without reserve, then? What I advocate, what I try to impress upon the working classes, as upon the House, is the perfect equality of mankind. In

my opinion all the miseries of the world proceed from the usurper, Caste. My aim is to form the masses into an invincible phalanx which the so-called upper ranks will have to recognize as brother men. Am I going too far for you, Lady Joan?"

"No."

She sat motionless, fascinated.

"But first they must learn where their power lies. Darcy would heal our social wounds by salves — I, by probing. I know my own people. Certain unfortunate habits in themselves undermine their chances. My Thrift Union aims at habits directly opposite, and in consequence at formation of property. It has several branches; a bank, with artisan shareholders, a loan office, building and temperance societies. I shall bring to bear upon it all possible influences of literature, music, art — whatever, in fact, can impress the vast importance of thrift in the highest and widest senses of the word."

"It is a grand idea. Who are your helpers?"

"Ah! We are a very young body. We want capital. I wish to interest as many as possible in your class of life. May I explain details?"

"Pray tell me the whole history. I might perhaps be of use."

"You think so?" returned Holcroft eagerly. His eyes again glowed with a red light. He was evidently wrapped up in his noble schemes! His dash of personal audacity appeared to Lady Joan well-matched with their bold outlines. He went on relating, describing, with his fluent tongue. If he might meet her in the library, next morning, he would show her, he said, his papers, his list of shareholders, his lithographed plans.

"He does not put me off and check me," she thought, with a little sigh. "If Mr. Darcy had only opened out in this way — But that would be too good to be true."

"Holcroft is a clever fellow," observed Lord Wilmington, one day. "Ten to one he will be in the ministry after the next election. And I hear

that his patent—which he took out at two-and-twenty—is a Fortunatus's purse to him."

"Joan might fare worse, after all," said his wife reflectively. "One never knows what her queerness might end in!"

Lady Joan, meanwhile, was watching the autumnal sunset. Its crimson rays transfigured her young face.

"Another sun going down," she thought; "and still I am doing nothing! And the millions under it crying for help! Crying and passing—and my life flying away! Two years? Oh, how selfish!"

V.

"AND to-morrow is your wedding day!"

Lady Wilmington was giving a large At Home in her house at Princes Gate. Lady Joan, the supposed heroine of the evening, had done hard duty in receiving congratulations and introductions; now some infantine prodigy was attracting all the world to the concert-room, and she had lingered in a small boudoir, where only a few dowagers were chatting in low tones.

At first she did not perceive that when others vanished, one figure still haunted the doorway. But presently she was aware of Mr. Darcy, who quietly approached her. She had not seen him since their parting at Somersby; but nothing in his manner recalled this fact.

"I could not get near you, before. You were the centre of such admiring multitudes. And to-morrow is your wedding day!" he said.

"Yes, to-morrow," said Lady Joan.

A faint tinge, as of a delicate azalea, had risen to her fair cheek.

She did not ask herself why, below her calmness, ached a foolish desire to explain her reasons for marrying—to make clear that she was not "in love;" oh, how she hated that phrase! Surely Mr. Darcy could not so misjudge her as to think that she was "in love!"

"It is a little soon," she went on, as if talking of another person. "Only

the third week in January! But Mr. Holcroft must be in London when the House meets; he cannot miss one night of the first debates. And Easter is late this year; he has important work, which I must help him in, before Easter."

"You will have rather a short honeymoon."

"Honeymoon!" Detestable phrase!

"We shall stay away a fortnight," she replied frigidly. "But we shall have no honeymoon at all. It will be a working moon. Mr. Holcroft is at a committee meeting to-night, and he will take a large portmanteau of blue-books and papers with him. I shall act as his secretary. I shall write and read, under his direction, the whole time."

Darcy smiled; as he had smiled in the Somersby library.

"Aren't you glad, now, that I was firm about those two years, Lady Joan?"

Lady Joan lifted her eyes, and looked at him. His smile died.

"No, I am sorry," she said. The azalea tints had faded. She was a white spirit once more; she might almost have risen suddenly, unsheathing hidden wings, and floated away.

"The fire burned in me just the same; I had wasted years enough. But if you had done as I asked—I would never have troubled you or interfered with you—I should have been so happy and so free!"

She looked at him once more, with unconscious reproach; then down again, folding her hands.

"Mr. Holcroft's ideas for the East End are very grand," she said.

Darcy had listened silently, as the self-controlled sentences—a pause between each—were uttered. Now, drawing a little nearer, he said, in an elder brother's tone: "Lady Joan, if I am true to my trade, I must sometimes venture hits in the dark."

"I don't at all know what you mean," said Lady Joan.

"I mean," said Darcy gravely, very low, "that there are things worse than death."

"Worse then the worse death," echoed the clear young voice.

"And if — I am in the dark, remember! — if any one had made a — a — mistake about those things, it would be better, even at the last moment, to go back. Better all round! there is no place for false unselfishness."

"One of those things, to me, is a broken promise," said Lady Joan. "Do you care to hear the little Chiarti?"

Then, coldly, with Vere de Vere earnestness, she led the way through flower-decked corridors to the concert-room.

VI.

ONE morning, close upon Easter — the fourth Easter following his marriage — the member for the Castle Hamlets was concluding an ample breakfast — pausing now and again to toy absently with his teaspoon and the edge of his cup; then, still absent, leaning forward and chewing ruminatively, his eyes fixed upon the centre bowl of yellow Lent lilies.

"Tom!" said his wife, looking up from an open letter. He did not answer. She refolded the letter, and sat motionless. The three years and more had not externally altered Lady Joan; she was still in appearance a white, slender, dignified child. But her eyes, superficially calm, revealed, on nearer inspection, a depth of something baffled, something which gnawed and moaned.

"Tom!" she repeated presently.

Mr. Holcroft crossed to the fireplace, and glanced at her, opening his newspaper with furtive irritation.

"Well? The confounded populace, as usual?"

"I thought — the lodgings are empty; those clean rooms at Bow. Shan't we go, just for ten days, and judge for ourselves? They can't be all unreasonable and discontented."

"I see no 'can't' in the matter. Rudd has the gift of the gab, and the rest follow him, like the sheepified fools they are."

"But Mr. Rudd's note was quite

straightforward. He only asked you to meet him and a few others, to discuss the Thrift Union affairs."

"There's a woman all over! Do you mean to say you didn't see through that? A nice trap for me to walk into! Every word would be in the papers, and then — a fine hue and cry! Look here, Joan, just be reasonable. The bank is in a little temporary difficulty, and this Rudd is making the most of it, to hound me on. I have thoughts of throwing up the whole concern; the new manager would take it, neck and crop, as a private speculation."

"Mr. Issachar! with that cold, cruel face? Tom, what does he care for the poor? I never liked your sending Mr. Bostock away. If I had known —"

"You would not have let me invest your money in it, you mean. I suspected as much. It was not to help your husband; that was nothing, in comparison with dirty Demos, who thinks only of himself, after all! I am sick of what you call 'the poor.' It is I who am poor. Issachar would pay me a lump sum."

"And afterwards — what would you do?"

"Throw up my hat and dance a hornpipe, first; then apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, let the Castle Hamlets go to — anywhere you please; and look out for Richby. Your father owned nearly the whole town; his name is a household word there. You must show yourself with me at the hustings, and the votes will flow in by shoals. That's my card. All they'll look for will be two or three cheap promises in a printed circular. The fact that I am your father's son-in-law will do the rest."

"And then?" repeated Lady Joan.

"Then we can live like other people, and be jolly. I've had enough of the altruistic boom. As for you, Issachar will treble your fortune, and with that and your swell relations, you can help me to the top of the tree. Well? what have you to say?" he asked roughly, tossing away the paper.

"I — I think I am stunned. Do you

really wish to give up all the people who have trusted in us?"

"Bother the people who have trusted in us! Sentimental humbug! See if Issachar's catering for them, mind and body, don't beat ours hollow!"

"And then will it all be over?" said Lady Joan. Her face was strangely wan. "The first year there was Italy—and then the Engadine—and then the endless dinner-parties and country-house visits—just what I had before—and Scotland and Norway. I have tried to be patient—you have said always that we would settle down to our lifework."

A thought struck Holcroft.

"See here, Joan! I can't come with you—I'm over head and ears! but if you like to go for two or three days with some crony—no mischief-maker, mind!"

"Marshall would do. There will be entertainments on Easter Monday; you said I might plan some."

"Very well. Go down and manage, then. Make yourself charming. You can forget my nonsense about Issachar."

A sudden glow illumined the pathetic young face.

"Tom! was it only nonsense, after all?"

"Forget it, I say. Take the lodgings, and let the future look after itself. You'll take a bit of wind out of Rudd's sails! There will be one point scored!"

VII.

UPON the platform, decked with wreaths and ribbons, of the Thrift Union Entertainment Hall, a concert had just been ended and a conjuror was beginning. Lady Joan, nursing a flushed baby, smeared with cake, sat on a side bench, among the populace.

What had happened to make her face like a rose, her eyes stars of light? She had arrived that morning, with her middle-aged maid, Marshall, at Bow, and ever since had been steadily occupied; first taking and despatching presents to obscure friends too sick or too aged for these festi-

ties; then aiding her subordinates in their preparations, laboring more *con amore* than they all. Her soul-hunger was appeased for a little while. This burdened multitude had temporarily forgotten their burdens. She sat absorbed in contemplation of the varied manifestations of delight; viewing each seared and sharpened countenance not as it was, but as it might be; inwardly scheming to make that "might be" real.

The smudged baby uttered sounds of peevish weariness. Lady Joan wrapped its neglected head in her own scarf, and hushed it on her breast. Presently its eyes closed; and, looking up from a pitiful study of its squalidness, she saw that a tall man, in a distant doorway, was steadfastly regarding her. Had he any trouble? She could not reach him; every cranny was blocked, and the poor baby slept. A moment later, and the doorway was empty. He was gone, unobserved, as he came.

His expression haunted Lady Joan. At her solitary lodging, his gaze revived in dreams, and pierced her through.

"He was searching my face to find out if I would help him," she thought. How to trace him was her first question, next day. This, after breakfast, she was pondering, when, abruptly, "Mr. Rudd" was announced, and the subject of the problem stood before her.

"Excuse me, your ladyship. In five minutes I must catch a bus. But last night I was watching you——"

"At the entertainment. Surely you are not the Mr. Rudd who writes to my husband?"

"I think I am." His peculiar smile perplexed Lady Joan. "I watched your way with that baby, a long time, when you were not aware. Your ladyship has a heart."

Lady Joan's face kindled as it had kindled the evening before.

"Can I help you in any way? Don't think me impertinent." And again her eyes brightened like stars.

"Thank you, it is rather your lady-

ship." He paused and looked down upon her. Lady Joan was very stately in West-end drawing-rooms; but she was not stately now. She still imagined that here was some one who had need of her. She looked back at him, wondering, like a child.

"I fancied that he had sent you to throw dust in our eyes. I pushed things on the faster. But now I'm of opinion that, if we've been bamboozled, your ladyship is bamboozled with us. I can't keep it back more than two days; but that I'll do. I beg you to go straight back to Holcroft—wherever he is—and tell him, with your own mouth, '*Rudd'll give you till Thursday morning.*' That's the outside. Get away quick, for I shall have hard work to contrive; and I don't know that I'm justified, either—but it's for your ladyship's sake. Nothing in the world else. '*Rudd'll give you till Thursday morning.*' Never mind about understanding. Just the plain words. Good-day to your ladyship."

And Lady Joan, her gaze of wonder unchanged, found herself in solitude, heard the outer door close with a sharp bang, and saw, from the window, this strange man rapidly running to "catch his bus."

VIII.

"ALL right," said Holcroft.

He was still in his dressing-room, having presided at a bachelors' party over-night. Lady Joan's four-wheeler waited below.

"He was so peremptory that I had to obey," she explained, smiling. She did not often smile; but her spirits were still unwontedly high. She hoped that, indirectly, the brusque agitator's friendliness would retard negotiations with Issachar. Besides, what plans had she not in embryo for the next two days! She longed to find herself once more in her four-wheeler.

"'*Rudd'll give me till Thursday morning!*' So that's his little game? Impudent beggar! Well! All right."

Holcroft sat for a moment in silence; then took up a time-table, which he studied briefly but attentively. Toss-

ing it aside, he looked, as if considering, at Lady Joan.

"It was a rather mysterious message! But you don't like questions. I had better go back now; I am so busy," she said.

"Questions! Hasn't every man a right to his own affairs? It's lucky you came just now, Joan, though Rudd's a fool. I've a fancy for a little excursion to-day, and I want you with me. I should have telegraphed if you had not turned up."

Lady Joan looked suddenly blank.

"Marshall will expect me, and I promised the poor cripple——"

"Cripple be hanged! As for Marshall, let her expect. You've plenty of pity for the great unwashed, but not an atom for me. I'm worn out, I tell you. I require a holiday; and I won't have it brought against me that I sent you to do my business while I was off on the jaunt. You can finish your nonsense afterwards."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Shan't say. I've a notion for giving your white ladyship a little surprise. Come on—our train's almost due. We'll take your four-wheeler."

Lady Joan was accustomed to her husband's changes of mood. She followed him, feeling like a disappointed child. Yet her conscience told her that there was truth in his reproach; how much truth she had not known until lately. Her husband ought to come first—even before the work she loved.

"Brown, tell Mrs. Jones to have dinner at 8.30 to the minute," said Holcroft, as he drew on his gloves. "If any one calls on business, he can wait or call again, which he likes. You may expect me any time after seven. King's Cross, cabman."

"Would seven be too late for me to go back alone to Bow?" asked Lady Joan, with anxiety.

"We can settle that when the time comes." He leaned from the window. "Drive to Victoria; I've changed my mind."

As they entered a first-class carriage Lady Joan asked again, "Won't you

tell me now, Tom, where we're going?"

"Can I never give you a treat on the sly?" said Holcroft. "You'll find out the whole business soon enough."

He settled himself well back in his seat, with closed eyes, prepared for slumber. Blanker and blanker beside him grew the face last night so radiant. Presently, in the rush of the express, she sat straight up with clasped hands.

"Is it Dover?" she said.

No voice answered, and still the express rushed on.

IX.

THREE days later, about London, newspaper boys were shouting:—

GIGANTIC FRAUD AT THE EAST END!

BOGUS COMPANY!

FLIGHT OF CHAIRMAN!

And the night mails carried to the length and breadth of England this chairman's name as T. R. Holcroft, M.P.

The country rang with indignation. Hundreds of poor families had been spurred by paths of toilsome virtue to the spider's chamber and devoured. Holcroft's skill among his various marionettes had been equalled only by its roguery. Having sold his patent and speculated away the proceeds, he had mortgaged the bank with all its appurtenances to secret money-lenders. But before Issachar and his hidden colleagues could complete their schemes, Rudd, the demagogue, working warily and zealous for his brethren, had fired the mine. In short, the Holcroft bubble, with its prismatic hues, had burst and vanished. The Thrift Union buildings were sold by auction, Issachar wisely retiring. The London house was ransacked by creditors, who would receive therefrom some twopence in the pound. Many seaports were watched and rewards were offered at multifarious police-stations; but no faintest trace of Holcroft transpired.

And Lady Joan? Demos thought poorly of her. She had always promised more than she performed. She had appeared by fits and starts at the

East End, saying, "Some day, some day;" but her name was chiefly prominent in society journals among the upper ten. She had left her poor maid, frightened and deceived with the rest, in the lodgings on Easter Tuesday. A cruel fine lady! Rudd said an occasional word in her defence; but Rudd had the best of reasons for saying none too much.

Her noble relations, moreover, condemned her strongly. Why had she not consulted *them*, and tried if things could be hushed up? What was she thinking of to disappear with the man, dragging her family through the dust? If, when she found him out, she had declined further lot in his concerns, society would have sympathized and respected her. But now she had made herself no better than any common accomplice harboring stolen goods in a burglar's den. Her money was found to have been withdrawn some time ago from English securities. Joan was simply infatuated with the man.

"Disgusting!" cried Lady Wilmington.

But some one steadily working day by day, without flourish of trumpets, in south London remembered a shadowy room, a look as of heartbreak unawares, a pure and proud young voice holding fast a promise.

Darcy, if none else, understood. He had grown thinner of late, more careworn. He would work himself to death, said his friends; but he only laughed.

Meanwhile for Lady Joan the express train had been followed by the Calais boat. "I will tell you at eight o'clock," Holcroft had said when she questioned him once again in crossing the Channel. Eight o'clock had found them *vis-à-vis* at a little table in the huge coffee-room of an unfamiliar hotel in the heart of Paris. Holcroft's eyes were imperiously fixed upon her, as if to remind her that he was master.

"I have never yet seen you fail in self-control," he said.

"I shall not fail now," said Lady Joan.

Those sharp eyes were satisfied;

she looked white, but of matchless dignity.

"Remember we are in a crowd; your face must not change. That impudent message was to warn me. The slumming business has ruined me and itself. They will say that I have robbed the bank."

"And they will be ruined too?"

"There you go! Them first, of course! I was unlucky, that's all, as half the fellows in London city have been — turn and turn about. But Rudd caught me out before I could right myself. I must hide. Do you take it in?"

"I am thinking. Would my fortune be enough?"

He raised his glass to the light and eyed the wine.

"Your fortune is gone too."

"All? How can it have gone?"

"Will you side with the bloodhounds? It is lost, I tell you. I would have sent you to the Wilmingtons instead of dragging you here, but for that. They would ask you all manner of questions, and make the case against me ten times blacker. But you can have your choice; go or stay. At the same time" — again he looked at her imperiously — "I don't deny that I had rather you stayed."

"Where you are I must be," said Lady Joan. "For better, for worse," she repeated in clear tones.

Holcroft laughed.

"You are the queerest little machine wound up by rule! Well, such things have their uses. Now we must go and buy some necessities of existence. We move on first thing to-morrow."

Twenty-eight hours from this time Lady Joan's noble young head was resting beneath the primitive roof of a farmhouse buried among hills, of whose existence Holcroft had learned by chance in a pedestrian tour years before. Lady Joan, who was announced as "Madame Robert," her husband's second name, had arrived from the nearest market-town in a covered wagon, among flour-sacks and other commodities. "Monsieur Robert" had thus arranged with the

farmer, having himself to travel further, he said.

The farmer's old wife asked no questions, glad to obtain a pittance by her empty rooms. At least the tired exile had found a pillow, however coarse, and merciful darkness.

X.

"AND this is the end!" said Lady Joan.

She said the same words often to the trees and clouds as she wandered upon the solitary hillside above the farm.

Still under twenty-five and her life a wreck; her vast fortune — that power for good — a vanished dream; her stainless name lent to cover defilement! And those for whom, in a way they little guessed, she had given her all — those were wrecked too. Thoughts of herself dwindled as she thought of them; of her personal persuasions and encouragements, of the sufferings which might have been spared them had she never volunteered delusions.

Desperate cries rang ever in her ears. The great tide of wretchedness was still rolling. The very means by which she had thought to stem it had quickened its flow. By her own act she was bound, not to them, but to him — their destroyer.

She was much alone. Holcroft came and went at long intervals. He was striving, he told her, to retrieve his fortune; in towns, he wore a disguise. If his plans — which he did not define — succeeded, he would go boldly back to England. She listened, answering nothing.

In Paris she had bought materials for art embroidery, in which she was skilled; and during many hours daily she worked in her great bare room. She hoped, when opportunity came, to sell her handicrafts; she had not dared to ask how Holcroft obtained their present subsistence, and confined herself to using it penuriously. No news from the outer world reached her. Thus she waited, in living death.

It was Christmas eve. The tiny church in the valley was lighted, the

peasants thronged to it. Lady Joan, forbidden by Holcroft to show her face beyond the farm, watched the Christmas moon above, the lights below, solitary, from her window. "*On earth, peace—good-will toward men?*" Oh, mockery!

Her hands were clasped in their old attitude upon her knee. She sat tearless. The pond below her window was frozen, her tears, her soul, were frozen. The whole earth was bound in ice of despair.

Suddenly the outer door opened; a step wearily climbed the rough stairs. The farmer and his wife were at the church; but she was not afraid. She saw as in a dream, upon her threshold, a figure which might have been her husband's wraith. The ruddy color was gone even from the lips; the dark eyes were bloodshot and dim. The heavy breathing soon dispelled all ghostly fancies. Holcroft staggered, and fell across the bed.

"Tom! Are you faint? I will go down and see what I can find for you."

She was flitting rapidly away; but he caught her dress.

"Stop! It will make no difference. I must speak to you first. Raise my head."

She helped him as best she could to a less uneasy posture, and covered him with a shawl.

"I thought you were leagues away, Tom."

"I drove from Gonlet—the fellow set me down at the gate. It came on yesterday—inflammation or something—I wouldn't be beaten—I struggled to get back to you."

"To me!" Even in this moment she looked at him with involuntary surprise.

"Yes, I must tell you. Stay! You can get any help you please when I've told you. Listen, Joan."

He spoke with his old imperiousness, clutching her wrist.

"I won't die like a brute, if I've lived like one—I never meant that either, but circumstances were too strong. Joan, I lied to you from first

till last. I drew your money out of the bank when Bostock went—I burned and altered papers. There's no time to explain—but there's your money. I invested it in false names, in various places a year ago, when I ran over here—for a holiday I told you—you remember? I've dotted down memorandums—you'll find the book in my ulster—a lawyer will dovetail them all in for you; get an honest one, mind! The capital's right within £4,000. Play your cards well, and you'll get out of the wood yet."

"But, Tom, what——"

She stopped short. Were he dying indeed, her question would be cruelty. But he read it in her face.

"What have I spent it on? And when I told you we were so hard up! Joan, I am not like you, I can't live without friends of my own kind. I have had plenty all along, when you little thought it—and they have come expensive. But how could I stand such hard lines as we've fallen on since Easter without 'em? I'm not like you, I tell you. I'd have cut my throat long ago if I hadn't drowned thought in pleasure."

He groaned heavily.

"I'd tell you a lot more, but there's no time. Joan, you had always pity for those wretches. Have you none for me?"

"The greatest, Tom—the deepest."

"Then pray. Kneel down and pray."

The clutch as of a drowning man tightened upon Lady Joan's slight wrist.

"Tom," she said, "I would die for you, in spite of all. I would die instead of you."

XI.

"THEY are all here, my lady. The hall is full."

"Are the cheques written?"

"Every one. Your ladyship's lawyers have been most particular. And I know every face; so there is no possibility of cheating."

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Rudd. Now I will come."

More than two-and-a-half years had passed since that Christmas eve in the French valley. "Madame Robert," working laboriously the while, had supported herself in a single room in Paris, while the income of her fortune accumulated to increase the capital and make a vast debt complete. The lawyers remonstrated; but Lady Joan would hear not a word. Secrecy had been carefully maintained. Very few beyond a mile of Bow had any notion of the great act of restitution now at hand.

All the shareholders and depositors robbed by Holcroft were assembled in their former entertainment room. The head lawyer and his clerk stood on the platform; before them an empty chair, below, a sea of faces upraised in dubious anticipation. In the rear a door opened; they saw their zealous friend, Rudd, escorting — whom?

A form still like that of a child, more than ever like a little white spirit, coming forward with a quiet step. She wore the plainest and cheapest mourning; beneath her small black bonnet her fair hair shone like sunlight on flax. Her eyes, as they met the people, were deep and grave. Her face had no tinge of color.

"I am Lady Joan Holcroft," she said in clear tones. "Some of you knew me once. I should not have been so long away from you, only I was making up your money. Your money is all ready now, with interest for the last three years and four months."

Then, before they had recovered from the first surprise, the lawyer was calling names, and Lady Joan held a basket full of cheques. A strange solemnity brooded over the hall. Every one, as he was called, stepped forth, received his cheque in silence, went back to his place, found every farthing right, and then watched the others. The long summer evening had closed in, and the gas was lighted, before the last payment was made. Lady Joan looked very tired, yet full of rest. She rose once more.

"I thank God," she said. "This

night will be the first since Easter Monday, more than three years ago, that I shall sleep in peace. You have sorrowed, and I have sorrowed with you. But it is over now. I have only one request to make. Will you forgive — my husband?"

One half second and deafening shouts rang from wall to roof. "God bless him! God bless him!" they cried, with excited incoherence. Then they came tumbling over the benches, rushing upon that childlike figure. They cheered her again and again, they waved hats and handkerchiefs; they had almost raised her chair on their shoulders, when a commanding voice called, "silence!" A young man of a different order from themselves — though thin and brown — sprang upon the platform.

"Lady Joan is worn out. She has given her all for you, and if you are grateful, go home. Go home," he shouted again, as the rush continued; "she will see you another time. To-night she must rest."

They understood at last, and trooped out, still with cheers and vociferous blessings. A faint color rose in Lady Joan's white cheeks.

"Mr. Darcy! How did you know?"

Before he could reply the tall demagogue pressed forward, and wrung her hand. "You are an angel," he said enthusiastically. "Your ladyship is an angel from Heaven. He strode away, brushing tears from his sharp eyes.

"Let me take you to your lodging. You have gone through all you can endure," said Darcy.

"I fully approve," said the old lawyer, with a quiet smile.

Darcy smuggled her away by a side door. The sky of the summer night stretched calm and soft above the electric lamps.

Neither spoke until the cab was dismissed before a quiet little house in a prim row. Darcy followed to a tiny sitting-room. She sank at once into the leathern armchair.

"Forgive me — but I can hardly stand," she said. Yet she smiled. "I

am so happy ! Perhaps I ought to be sad. But — I can't help it — I am, oh ! so happy."

"It is your reward," returned Darcy. He sat opposite, his eyes fixed on her, half unconsciously, as if they could never look away.

"How did you hear?" she repeated.

"You see I am continually in and out with the poor; and yesterday I got wind of something, and followed it up. Does Lady Wilmington know?"

"Certainly not. She tried last year to overthrow my scheme. She will never care to have me with her again; but that is nothing now to me. I shall live here among the people, and work for them till I die."

"And what do you expect to live upon?"

"You haven't heard, then, about my art embroidery? I enjoy it so much! I weave my fancies into pictures with such lovely colors! And it pays well. I can manage upon very little. And in all my spare time I shall be with the sick, or the old people and children; and in the evening I shall make the others happy. I shall tell them to call me Joan. 'Sister' Joan, I think, not 'Lady' any more."

"You have wandered through strange places since that morning at Somersby, when I fixed your probation," said Darcy.

A passing shadow saddened the calm eyes. "And I have learned strange lessons," she said. "I can work better than that ignorant girl whom you would not countenance, nearly seven years ago."

"You will be lonely here; too lonely. Who will take care of you?"

"I want to take care of other people," said Lady Joan. But she looked a little desolate.

"I have trusty disciples in the South, who would carry on my plans. What if I came here instead? The Thrift Union buildings are in the market again. I am rich again, too, very rich — I have had legacies. And the two years are over! Would you still wish to work with me if I came?"

"Mr. Darcy! Are you in earnest?"

Was this Lady Joan? Ah, she had never lived yet! but she could live. A spirit of radiant light she looked now. In her gladness she rose. Darcy rose also.

"Do you really mean it?" she repeated. "To work under you at last? Isn't it too good to be true?"

"Not if — if — Is my own dream too good to be true?"

She was silent, with dilating eyes.

"Did you never see through those two years, Joan? Didn't you know I was too proud to be selfish? It is not you only who have come out of great tribulation! Joan — Joan!"

Thus, after many days, by paths undreamt of, Lady Joan won her heart's desire — and Darcy his wife.

E. CHILTON.

From The National Review.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

IN the Litany we are made to pray for preservation from sudden death, but how infinitely more sorrowful is a long-drawn, hopeless struggle for life! How many of us, if we were sincere, would pray rather to be spared the flickering in the socket, the feverish rallies, the deadly faints, the ever-deepening helplessness?

For many weeks the whole nation was summoned each morning to what it knew was the death-bed of one who was, till lately, among the foremost figures in the public view. Lord Randolph Churchill was never seen at his best unless fighting against tremendous odds. Reckless beyond all men's reckoning in prosperity, he was wont to be swift and dangerous as Rupert when hard pressed. As in the days of his vigor, so in this last mortal struggle with the King of Terrors, he yielded to the irresistible only when all power of resistance had ebbed away.

When the end came at last one sighed, almost as much from relief for

the release of the sufferer and those who watched beside him, as from regret for the gallant soul that had gone to its rest.

For it was a gallant soul. Lord Randolph's sternest critics never denied that, and the place he won for himself in the popular fancy was, at one time, second only to that held by Mr. Gladstone. Despite the petulant self-will which flung him out of power, despite the failure of physical faculties which was so painfully visible during the last two years of his life, Lord Randolph remained, to the last, first favorite among his party with a very large section of the people. No one can doubt that, who was in London during the closing weeks of his life, for one had only to lend an ear to the talk on the cab-stands, the streets, even at the public house doors, to hear anxious discussion of the latest bulletins about "Randy," as he was affectionately called.

The initial steps in this strange, eventful history were as little auspicious as those which led to its close. The borough of Woodstock had been kept warm till some member of the house of Marlborough should be ready to represent it. Lord Randolph was nominated at the general election of 1874. Among the first to go there to support his candidature was Mr. (now Sir Edward) Clarke, who was advertised to address a meeting. On his arrival, Mr. Clarke was brought into a room where thirty or forty respectable burgesses were seated. These received him with such encouragement as may be had from the bumping of thirty or forty sticks and umbrellas upon the floor. Gradually it dawned upon him that this was the meeting he had been invited to address. "But is the candidate not to speak?" he asked. "Well, sir," was the reply, "the fact is, our candidate is a young gentleman with no experience of public speaking, and we think it is better he should *not* appear." Whereupon Mr. Clarke made representations that the times were of that nature that any Tory candidate who wished to be returned *must* put in

an appearance. A meeting, consequently, was arranged for the following Saturday, to be addressed by Lord Randolph. The candidate appeared in due course, equipped with plentiful notes, decorously disposed in orthodox fashion in the crown of his hat. These notes got hopelessly disarranged, with fatal effect upon consecutive oratory. Lord Randolph completely broke down.

On the following Monday Mr. Clarke was at the Conservative Central Office when a representative of the *Globe* arrived to say that they could make neither head nor tail of Lord Randolph's speech. Mr. Clarke was ready for the occasion, and promptly wrote out an eloquent address, which was printed in due form, and had, it may be presumed, excellent effect, for the Conservative candidate came out at the top of the poll.

Few persons can have foreseen that the slim, nervous young dandy who came from Woodstock to swell Disraeli's majority in the new Parliament was so soon and so powerfully to influence the fortunes and policy of the Conservative party. Disraeli himself must have been as unconscious of the watchfulness of the disciple who took a seat behind him as he was of the fervor and fidelity with which Lord Randolph was to exalt his leader's memory when that leader should have passed from the scene.

Not until six years later did Churchill's opportunity come, and he was ready for it. Pulverized as it had been at the polls, dispirited by a defeat as crushing as it had been unexpected, the Conservative party in the Commons assembled on the benches behind the kind-hearted, mild-mannered country gentleman upon whom had been laid the duty of leading it against the fiery and radiant captor of Midlothian. The prospect was not encouraging for the broken Tories. The conditions of the campaign were so unequal that it seemed almost ludicrous to draw the sword. When the young and untried champion stepped into the ring, few among the new members knew him even by sight, and the old ones only

remembered Randolph as having made, a couple of years previously, an isolated and bitter attack on Mr. Selater-Booth, the "ponderous mediocrity with a double surname" who was president of the Local Government Board in Mr. Disraeli's ministry, and had introduced a scheme of county government on popularly elective lines. "I have," Lord Randolph had said on that occasion, with his inimitable air of cultivated effrontery, "no objection to the president of the Local Government Board dealing with such questions as the salaries of inspectors of nuisances, but I do entertain the strongest possible objection to his coming down here with all the appearance of a great law-giver to repair, according to his small ideas and in his little way, breaches in the British Constitution." He had appealed to the Tory party not to barter away their cherished institutions "for such Brummagem trash as this bill, stuffed with all the little dodges of a president of the Local Government Board," and had declared that he "had ransacked the whole arsenal of denunciatory phrases, and had not found any that adequately expressed his estimation, or his want of estimation, of the measure." This onslaught was stamped on the memories of members of the former Parliament by a comical incident. Speaking as he was from copious notes, the sheets got mixed up in the course of his address, some of them fluttered from his hand and fell in a gentle shower round the object of his denunciation, Mr. Selater-Booth, who was sitting immediately below Churchill, and who collected and courteously handed them back to his assailant.

Seldom, however, has the House of Commons been more quickly forced to recognize the merits of a speaker. Lord Randolph made his start in the new Parliament on a peculiarly unpromising and unpopular subject—as the chief opponent to Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to take the oath. The record of that long and bitter conflict teems with piquant incident; here—a reflection of the Burke-and-dagger

scene, when Churchill, after quoting from one of Bradlaugh's works, ended by flinging it with melodramatic contempt on the floor of the House; there—the smoke of a warm encounter with Mr. Gladstone about the authority of a disputed passage in Origen. His early speeches on this subject were a trifle too rhetorical to please the sense of the House; but Churchill, too, was sensitive; he quickly amended his manner, and then it was discovered (and none realized this sooner than Mr. Gladstone) that the Tory party had developed a new debater, supple, pungent, dangerously adroit, a perfect master of Parliamentary procedure, and curiously able to blend personalities after the democratic taste with the traditions of Parliamentary chivalry. Northcote himself, unable to the last to shake off the habits of reverence due by an ex-private secretary towards his old chief, Mr. Gladstone, began to turn in moments of perplexity to that notable corner below the gangway which the famous Fourth Party claimed as their camp. More and more, as the years of that Parliament rolled on, did men forget their distrust of the madcap "member for Woodstock;" and, more significant still, more and more pressing became the demands from the great industrial centres for speeches from the young David who never shrank from an encounter with Goliath.

Space will admit of no more than one extract from the sayings of this platform crusade, but it shall be a characteristic one, containing a specimen of the audacious, yet good-humored, personalities which, at that period, served so greatly to endear the speaker to his vast audiences. Speaking at Blackpool, on January 24th, 1884, he alluded to

A couple of the Gladstonian advertisements which appeared in the papers the other day. The first described the journey of a deputation of working-men from the pure and immaculate borough of Chester to Hawarden Castle (it has always appeared to me somewhat incongruous and inappropriate that the great chief of the Radical party should reside in a castle). One would have thought that the deputation would

have been received in the house, in the study, in the drawing-room, or even in the dining-room. Not at all. That would have been out of harmony with the advertisement "boom." Another scene had been arranged. The workmen were guided through the ornamental grounds, into the wide-spreading park, strewn with the wreckage and ruins of the prime minister's sport. All around them lay the rotting trunks of once unbragous trees; all around them, tossed by the winds, were boughs and bark and withered shoots. They came suddenly on the prime minister and Master Herbert, in scanty attire and profuse perspiration, engaged in the destruction of a gigantic oak, just giving its last dying groan. They are permitted to gaze and to worship and adore, and, having conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, are each of them presented with a few chips as a memorial of that memorable scene.

Is not this, I thought to myself as I read the narrative, a perfect type and emblem of Mr. Gladstone's government of the empire? The working-classes of this country sought Mr. Gladstone in 1880. He told them that he would give them and all other subjects of the queen much legislation, great prosperity, and universal peace, and he has given them—nothing but chips. Chips to the faithful allies in Afghanistan, chips to the trusting native races of South Africa, chips to the Egyptian fellah, chips to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer and artisan, chips to the agricultural laborer, chips to the House of Commons itself. I ask you who have followed with care the events of Parliament, to carry your minds back to the beginning of 1880, to the demonstration of Dulcigno, to the slaughter of Maiwand, to the loss of Candahar, to the rebellion of the Transvaal, to the Irish Land League with all its attendant horrors, to the scenes in the House of Commons, to the loss of freedom and dignity sustained by that assembly, to the abortive Sessions, to the Egyptian muddle with its sham military glories, to the resignation of Cabinet ministers, to the spectacle recently afforded of two ministerial colleagues openly defying each other, to the illusory programme spread before you for the coming year, to the immense dangers and difficulties which surround you on every side—turn over all these matters in your minds, search your memories, look at them as you will; I ask you again, is there

in any quarter of the globe, where the influence of Mr. Gladstone's government has been felt—is there one single item, act, expression, or development on which you can dwell with any pride or even satisfaction? Is there one single, solid, real, substantial construction or improvement which can benefit permanently or even momentarily, either directly or indirectly, your own countrymen at home, your own countrymen abroad, or any worthy portion of the human race? Chips you will find, nothing but chips—hard, dry, un nourishing, indigestible chips. To all those who leaned upon Mr. Gladstone, who trusted in him, and who hoped for something from him, chips, nothing but chips. To those who defied him, trampled upon his power, who insulted and reviled his representatives and his policy, to the barbarous Boer and the rebel Irish—to them, and to them alone, booty and great gain.

Listened to in the cold light of after days, these echoes from a distant battlefield sound hollow enough. The language may be extravagant, the imagery strained, the conclusions imperfect and strongly partisan. But in the heat of combat this oratory did not fall wide of its purpose. It made men laugh. Churchill's hearers laughed and were ready to swear by the speaker who amused them; his readers next morning laughed and picked out favorite phrases to be repeated from mouth to mouth. Randolph Churchill became the man of the moment.

In the House of Commons, too, Churchill, at the close of the Parliament in 1885, was in command of an enthusiastic following far beyond the devoted band of three who, with himself, composed the redoubted Fourth Party. It was not in the nature of things that the prestige of the official Opposition leaders should remain undimmed by the brilliance of the strategy displayed below the gangway. Sir Stafford's gentlemanly remonstrance with the government, Mr. W. H. Smith's sound common sense, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's stern, but cultivated resistance, were all of the first quality of their kind; but to deal with ministers who had begun by relegating

political economy to the spheres of Jupiter and Saturn, had proceeded to lay Alexandria in smoking ruins, and had wound up by abandoning the gallant Gordon to his fate, there was required a method of warfare far different from the time-honored tactics of parade. The devotion inspired among young Tory members by Lord Randolph's incessant watchfulness and skilful attacks far outweighed the misgiving sown by some of his sayings among the disciples of an older and more orthodox school. It had required, indeed, something more than the ordinary Conservative stomach to digest the speech delivered by him in the Edinburgh Music Hall in December, 1883, largely devoted to an exposition of the merits of the French Revolution. Had that speech stood alone, not only would Lord Randolph's sphere of influence been severely limited, but the Fourth Party itself, had it ever come into existence, would have been reduced to half its proportion. But that speech did not stand alone. It was but one of a series of brilliant platform performances, which secured to its author, first the attention, then the approval, and, lastly, the ungrudging devotion of a good half of the mass upon whom the franchise was about to be conferred.

A significant incident took place after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's administration in June, 1885. Lord Salisbury had undertaken the formation of a stop-gap government to conclude the necessary business of the session and carry on affairs till registration of the new constituencies had made an appeal to them possible. Before Parliament adjourned for the interval necessary for the re-election of Conservative ministers, Mr. Gladstone, who still led the House, proposed to take into consideration the Lords' amendments to the Redistribution of Seats Bill. Northcote and the official Opposition supported him, and no surprise was caused by the resistance offered by the Fourth Party to the proposal. But it was speedily apparent that Lord Randolph Churchill was at the head of more than

his normal following of three. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach threw in his lot with the "rapier and rozette" group of the Opposition, and a minority of thirty-five Conservatives, representing the party on which Churchill had bestowed the infelicitous title of "Tory-Democrat," went into the lobby against three hundred and thirty-three followers of Gladstone and Northcote. Men were puzzled by this demonstration, but it had the effect of showing that the member for Woodstock had made himself a powerful factor in his own party, and one that would have to be taken into account in the formation of any Conservative administration. Churchill had indeed rendered himself indispensable; his position was recognized by his admission, *per saltum*, to Lord Salisbury's Cabinet in July as secretary of state for India. Howbeit, not many people had realized the weight of Lord Randolph's influence upon the country till after his contest with Mr. John Bright for the representation of Birmingham at the general election of 1885. Many Conservatives regarded it as a piece of foolhardy bravado to beard the tribune of the people in the very cradle and close preserve of Radicalism. The result justified the daring. John Bright only held his own by 4,989 votes against 4,216 cast for the Tory champion.

It was a rapid rise, but more surprising events were in store; not only had Lord Randolph made himself dreaded by his opponents; he was also held in awe by his friends. He had the knack of hitting off the weak points in public men and crystallizing them in epigram. It would perhaps be better to allow his pungent sneers at the "bourgeois placemen," the "Tapers and Tadpoles," the "Marshalls and Snelgroves," of his own party to sink into oblivion, were it not that in any just estimate of the remarkable rise of this man account must be taken of the means by which he overcame those forces of equal decency and density which oppose the progress of every free-lance. And every sarcasm which he poured on the

heads of his own party was atoned for tenfold by the ridicule with which he deluged his opponents. It was not till the following year, 1886, during the debate on the Home Rule Bill, that he fixed on Mr. Gladstone the indelible taunt of being "an old man in a hurry." But, indeed, he hardly ever rose in debate at this time, or appeared on a platform, without uttering some happy or stinging phrase, to be repeated next morning from ten thousand lips. How many of these were of his own coinage, or how many were minted in the elvish fancy of his close ally, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, may be matter for speculation; the fact remains that these sayings contributed almost as much to his influence over what he irreverently termed "the old gang" — Lord Beaconsfield's former colleagues — as to the hold he acquired on the affection of the new electorate.

It was at Sheffield, in 1885, that Lord Randolph made the first overtures towards that alliance between Constitutional Liberals and the Tory party which he was to live to see so loyally cemented, and which was to have such far-reaching effects on the political destiny of his country. From this speech, as befitted the utterance of a cabinet minister, much of the irresponsible raillery, so characteristic of his earlier manner, had disappeared. It was pervaded instead by a grave and statesmanlike note of warning. After sketching the headlong course on which the Liberal party had entered, and analyzing the position of those who, like Lord Hartington, could not be suspected of approving of it, he ended with these memorable sentences: —

I say to Lord Hartington before you all, not by any backstairs intrigue and not by any secret negotiations, but in the face of this great meeting held in this great town and before all England, I say to Lord Hartington and his friends and following, words which were said to men nearly two thousand years ago, who were destined to become great political guides, I say to Lord Hartington and I say to his friends, "Come over and help us!"

This appeal was repeated with greater emphasis and with amplified detail before an immense meeting at Manchester on March 3, 1886. In the interval Mr. Gladstone had once more become prime minister, had announced the conversion of himself and his party to the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, and had given notice of the introduction of a bill to carry it into effect. Churchill called on all patriotic Liberals to join their ancient enemies in the formation of a new political party, which he termed Unionist, to "combine all that is best of the Tory, the Whig, and the Liberal — combine them all, whether they be principles or whether they be men." He warned his hearers against the separatist policy of Mr. Gladstone, "which would be equivalent to a restoration of the heptarchy." As if conscious that it might be impossible to allay the animosity which his method of warfare had roused among Liberals against himself, he declared that if among the Tories there were persons with whom the Whigs would decline to serve, "those persons would willingly stand aside" in the formation of a Unionist Cabinet.

The first fruits of this offer came a few days later in the resignation by Mr. (now Sir George) Trevelyan of his seat in the Cabinet. Let it never be forgotten in any estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill's career how great was the part he played at this crisis, and how largely he contributed to turning the masses from the policy of separation. However much subsequent events may have obscured the just appreciation of this, it was fully recognized at the time, and, on the return of the Unionists to power, public opinion endorsed the appointment of Churchill as chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. There were not wanting, indeed, mistrust and boding on the part of many members of both Houses. They could not forget the bitter gibes which Lord Randolph had been wont to fling from below the gangway upon those who were now his colleagues in the Cabinet.

Many of his public utterances had been so far at variance with Conservative habits of thought and principles that nothing but tremendous hazard could be discerned in entrusting the leadership to such young and rash hands. But these murmurings were soon hushed, overborne by plaudits won by the new chancellor in his conduct of business during the six weeks of session in the autumn of 1886. It would be impossible to exaggerate the enthusiastic confidence Churchill had secured from his followers when Parliament came to be prorogued on September 25th. Men went back to William Pitt for a parallel to this heaven-born leader. For the first time since 1832 it was possible to look with confidence on the future before the Conservative party.

Never was whole-hearted trust more warmly given; never did it encounter colder or more sudden disappointment. Late at night on December 22nd the chancellor of the exchequer drove to the *Times* office and handed in the announcement of his resignation. The cause alleged was a disagreement with his colleagues on ludicrously trivial items in naval and military expenditure. Let the cause have been far more considerable, nothing could excuse the manner of the abdication. The queen, the Cabinet, the party, the nation — might all feel that they had received a scurvy return for their handsome treatment of the young statesman. How the administration stood the shock, how Mr. Goschen's accession to the Cabinet proved in the end to be an ample compensation for what it had lost and a contribution to its stability are matters of recent history, which Lord Randolph certainly did not foresee. He had reckoned on a one-man Cabinet, with himself as the man. He made no secret among his friends of his confident belief that he would be in office again in a few weeks. But he had not calculated on the impossibility of restoring confidence so rudely shaken. Men might still admire him and hold him in affection, but they could never again replace their trust in

one who had broken up the very foundation on which it should rest.

It is the gift of a great poet, without direct reference to, or narrative of, specific circumstances, to cast into enduring verse the ever-recurring phases of human occasion. So Browning had written in his "Lost Leader" lines which ran at this time in the minds of many of Churchill's dismayed followers.

Blot out his name! let him never come back to us;

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain;

False praise on our part, the glimmer of twilight,

Never glad, confident morning again.

This feeling was greatly intensified by a notable defect in Lord Randolph's character. He had never cultivated a certain faculty of intercourse which, at this juncture of his career, would have stood him in good stead, of which his neglect was the more remarkable because it was a strong point in the party leader on whom he modelled his whole career. Disraeli was a consummate master of suavity and consideration towards his followers; Churchill was notoriously careless in this respect. He would permit himself to behave with coldness, and even with rudeness, to those with whom he had been on cordial terms the day before.

His indifference to the rank and file of his party, outside the circle of his intimate friends, had sown the seeds of resentment, which ripened into a formidable aggregate of hostile feeling after he had divested himself of power. Men who had been confident in, and proud of, his ability as a leader, found that when their faith in that was shattered, there was no fund of warmer feelings to fall back upon. He was feared rather than loved by the party. Had it been otherwise — had Churchill gained half the hold on the affections of the House, which his immeasurably less brilliant colleague, W. H. Smith, secured — one of two things must have happened: either he must have returned speedily to office, or the Unionist party must have split into two

camps. As things were, however, it became evident, as soon as Parliament reassembled, that the supporters who were ready to back Lord Randolph in any course he might take could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and even this small band was soon to be reduced in numbers by reason of his inconsiderate dealings with them. Hereafter Lord Randolph was to fill the melancholy rôle of a young man with a brilliant future behind him.

The hopes of the Opposition for a rupture within the Unionist party were fanned by the speech in which the late chancellor of the exchequer explained his resignation. He told the House that it would be idle to deny that, beyond the question of naval expenditure, which was the immediate and ostensible cause for his giving up the seals of his office, there were other matters of grave importance on which he held opinions differing from those of Lord Salisbury. A twister of anticipation ran through the Gladstonian ranks, already sanguine as to the outcome of the Round Table Conference then sitting. From both sources they were destined to drink disappointment. Churchill, had he chosen, might have given the government serious trouble as a watchful and bitter critic on their flank. He did not so choose. It must be admitted that, although at rare intervals he did attack his former colleagues, he did so only when they were taking a course to which he was conscientiously opposed. No rupture of the magnitude of that which had severed him from his colleagues could, indeed, fail to leave some traces of bitterness in personal intercourse; these, and the incidents they gave rise to, may now be dismissed forever from memory. What may be recorded to Churchill's honor is that he lent himself to no factious attacks on the government policy. Writing privately to W. H. Smith during the debates on the Coercion Bill, four months after his resignation, on April 16th, 1887, he expressed himself thus sympathetically : —

You have to fight two battles—one in Ireland against crime, the other in Parliament against disorder. You must win both. The loss of one entails the loss of the other. As you are firm with respect to matters in Ireland, so you should be equally firm with respect to the rigid preservation of order in the House of Commons. . . . Excuse this lengthy letter. It deals with a general matter on which I feel much anxiety, and I greatly prefer communicating with you beforehand to expressing any difference of opinion with you in the House itself.

In the following year, when the government determined on the appointment of the Parnell Commission, Lord Randolph drew up a memorandum, dated July 17, 1888, containing his reasons for strongly objecting to such a course. The paper was ably drawn and temperately expressed, thoroughly statesmanlike, warning the government against proceeding in a manner "utterly repugnant to our English ideas of legal justice and wholly unconstitutional," and based on arguments of which the soundness was, in great measure, made manifest by the result.

Two years later, in March, 1890, when the report of the Commission was brought up for consideration, Lord Randolph vindicated his opinion in a powerful speech, in which he was not careful to spare the feelings of ministers. He taunted them with the fact that the majority of one hundred with which he had led the House had now sunk to seventy, and he enforced his arguments by imagery of a kind which public speakers, fortunately for their audience, rarely resort to. The appalling horror of the metaphor applied to the miscreant Pigott spread a chill along the benches on both sides of the House. Nevertheless, the greater part of the speech won rapturous applause from the Opposition. The only immediate effect on the ministerialists was the subtraction of one from Churchill's compact following. The late Mr. Louis Jennings, then member for Stockport, who had clung to his idol through sunshine and storm, sprang to his feet and exclaimed : —

It is said that I derive my opinions from my noble friend ; but occasionally and at intervals I am capable of forming opinions of my own, and such an interval has occurred now.

He refused to be an accomplice in "stabbing his party in the back," and deserted Lord Randolph in the division.

After this Churchill's appearance in debate became more rare. Still at irregular intervals he used to take part in discussion, and never failed to delight his listeners in a way which was only excelled by one other member of the House.

A signal instance of his power to invest the dreariest subject with charm took place one drowsy Wednesday afternoon in June, 1888. The debate was dull even according to the standard of Wednesday. The subject under discussion was Sir Edward Watkin's Channel Tunnel Scheme. Every argument that could be used on either side had been repeated over and over again in former sessions, and the discussion was being languidly kept up till enough members should come down for a division. Lord Randolph strolled listlessly into the House about four o'clock, stood at the bar pulling his moustache while Sir Hussey Vivian rolled forth his heavy periods, and, turning, asked a bystander what was the subject under discussion. Then he walked to his corner seat behind the treasury bench. "Randolph is up" was soon repeated through lobbies and smoking-room, and members crowded in, curious to know what line he would take. They were not long in doubt. Lifting the subject as if by magic out of the mud where it had been floundering for hours, he invested his denunciation of the scheme with all the charm of wit and perfect lucidity.

The Hon. Baronet has told us that the proposed tunnel may be easily blocked by certain machinery which he or some friend of his has invented, connected with a *button* which was to be touched by a secretary of state in a Cabinet in Pall Mall. I ask whether such a ridiculous proposition was a worthy argument to be introduced into

such a question as we have before us. Imagine a Cabinet Council sitting in the War Office around the *BUTTON* ! Fancy the present Cabinet gathered together having to decide who should touch the *BUTTON*, and the difficulty of coming to a conclusion whether it ought to be touched !

It was enough. If there were any waverers before Churchill spoke there were none after, for it would have required strong conviction to carry a member through this cascade of ridicule.

After the defeat of the Unionists at the polls in 1892, Lord Randolph threw in his lot heart and soul with his old colleagues. Alas ! it was no longer the same lightning oratory which used to sting Mr. Gladstone to indignant retort. The wreck wrought by over-heavy drafts on the physical powers was only too manifest. The speech halted, the gesture failed ; new members who beheld him for the first time turned in wonder to ask if *this*, then, was the Randolph who had towered so high and fallen so low ? It was a sorrowful sight. The House of Commons has been charged with many defects, but it is touching to see the gentleness with which it deals with one whom it has once learnt to admire. In the words of the apostle, if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

Lord Randolph Churchill's career lies before the young politician as both a warning and as a model. The warning takes the somewhat humdrum but eternally vital lesson that no spirit however imperious, no wit however poignant, no knowledge however complete — avails to render a man independent of his associates. The one-man force may develop itself in process of years, but it is the growth of habit that makes others bow willingly to despotism of this sort. A notable element in Lord Randolph's failure was his impatience of the *petits soins* of every-day intercourse. His destiny might have been very differently shaped had he been at the pains to attach others to himself by ordinary civility.

Hæc res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos.

The model is found in the enormous advantage secured by any young member who chooses to master the complicated rules of procedure and precedent in Parliament. In nothing is knowledge more surely power than in this; without this the most brilliant gifts may be wasted, the most favorable opportunities thrown away.

There are those persons of two extremes who are unable to see in Lord Randolph Churchill's achievement more than one of these aspects. To those of one extreme his memory will remain that of a dazzling constellation which, when it sank below the horizon, left the heavens dark and the prospect without life. To those of the other extreme, his rise was the upward rush of the rocket, to be followed by the inglorious descent of the stick. But the great mass of his countrymen will have in mind the imperious force of the ascent, the pathos of the decline. Not later than his prime in years, but hopelessly bankrupt in health, Lord Randolph passed from the scene of his triumph and his fall. Who shall say it was too soon for us or for him? Nay, had the end been hastened by a few years, and the painful lapse of physical powers been exchanged for the earlier shock of sudden death, would not men have looked one another in the eyes, and said that here had been realized the poet's dream in the *Odyssey*, of existence in that blessed Syrian Isle, "where disease is not, nor hunger, nor thirst; where, *lest men should grow old*, Apollo comes with Artemis, and slays them with his silver bow."

The effect of Lord Randolph's ascendancy will long outlive himself. It required the blow-pipe temperature of his energy to fuse the cast-iron prejudices of the Conservative party into sympathy with the wants and aspirations of the new electorate. He effected this and did not remain to see the full results. The scope of these results will greatly depend upon the heads and hands charged with the policy of the party in the next few years. There is a dangerous tendency to pure oppor-

tunism. If there is any one strong enough to steer a steady course, gifted with Churchill's fertility of resource, able to lay hold, as he did, of the popular imagination, and capable, as he was not, of bringing out the best qualities of his associates, the future of the Constitutional party in this country will be more auspicious than some of its best friends are able at present to believe. But if the decision on great questions of the hour is to be approached and undertaken solely with a view to their anticipated effect on the immediate fortunes of a political party, and without regard to, or in defiance of, settled principles, disaster cannot long be postponed. What every great country stands in need of is a leader who will lead and not follow, having the confidence of a body of men who are indifferent to the allurements of office and are resolved to maintain a wise check on the forces of change. For such a party, led by one of the magnetic power of Churchill, the country must look in the hour when prolonged adversity in commerce or serious restriction of employment shall have brought about the confusion of which we have long been on the brink; a party which has learnt how to deal sympathetically and effectively with the pressure of social problems, without exciting vain hopes or erecting visionary ideals. Should the country look for this in vain?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE BUDDHIST AND TAO-IST MONASTERIES ON THE LO FAU SAN.

To fathom the Chinese religion to its depths would require a knowledge of humanity, a patience, and a gift of tongues, such as few men can lay claim to—certainly not the writer. But for people who are willing to accept broad approximations for truths, it is not hard to remember that the conscience of China is acted on by four influences, which may be classified as agnosticism, a folklore, and the fossil remains of two religions.

By agnosticism, I mean the doctrines of Confucius, which, in name at least, are accepted by the mass of the gentry and literati. But Confucius was no prophet; he was a statesman and a philanthropist. It is true that he regulated with exactness the ancestral and spirit worship of his day; but that was only because there were four things which, his biographer says, he would never hear discussed; and of these one was revolutions, and the other was religion. Now, because this unbelieving Confucius is a guiding star to the whole educated population of China, therefore, with native logic, China builds temples for his worship, and worships him in every district city.

But Confucianism has never affected the natural religion of the country. It has never shaken the universal belief in a teeming world of spirits jostling with the world of life, and helping, saving, tormenting, or destroying, according to circumstances. From this, China has evolved its most human and touching belief in the good-will of a man's father towards him after death. It is this that has kept the plains of China inviolate from the rush of the locomotive. Those two lines of thought, the sceptical and the pantheistic, belonging to the educated and ignorant classes respectively, but always acting and reacting on each other, may be considered as the bases of a Chinaman's faith.

I have spoken of Tao-ism and Buddhism as fossils, because the fundamental doctrines of both religions have long since been unheeded and forgotten. Buddhist monks are made use of to bury the dead, and for their supposed ability to regulate the rainfall; and the Tao-ists gain influence by geomancy and their tutelage of popular deities; but these are the limits of their power. This being so, not much knowledge of the heart of China can be gained from the trip to be described. But to those who can content themselves with a general view of the show part of the creeds, I can heartily recommend a fortnight spent among the

monasteries on the slopes of Lo Fau San.¹

By six o'clock on an August morning I was out on the river in a slipper-boat, ready to catch the steam-tug that runs up to Shik Lung (Dragon Shore), the starting-point for Lo Fau San. August is hot all over China; but in Canton you gasp for a breath of air in the steam that rises from the polluted river, and the thousand tainted sickly little smells which ooze up from a Chinese town. The tug being supposed to start at daybreak, it was natural that at eight we should still be lying in the current, dodging destruction by the foreign customs launches, as they dashed up and down the stream. But at last she puffed up in a great hurry, with a broad-beamed barge in tow. Two officials of the native customs, sleek as are those who drive fat cattle, went aboard and made their search. Foreigners are exempt from examination, because after fifty years' experience it is still believed that they do not know how to cheat. Accordingly, the writer and Ah Man (which is, the Late-born—perfect among boys) boarded the tug, and were accosted by a half-naked person, whose enormous girth betokened his importance. He proved to be the skipper, and the following argument took place.

Skipper. Tshaw! Go away.

Foreign Devil. Shan't.

Skipper. You must! Go on to the barge. Passengers not allowed here [and he produced a paper].

Foreign Devil. I don't want to see it. Foreigners *never* travel on barges.

Skipper (coming down a little, in an aside to the Late-born). What will he pay, if I let him stop?

Foreign Devil (ditto ditto). Ask if I can stay for double fare?

And so the negotiations proceeded on a strictly commercial basis.

Indeed I cannot recommend the barge. It has three decks, each high enough to crawl under comfortably,

¹ The Lo Fau San (Hill of the Floating Basket) lies about eighteen miles from Shik Lung, on the right bank of the Tang Kong or East River, some six hours' journey by river-steamer above Canton.

strewed with Chinese, some sleeping, some smoking opium or tobacco and spitting continuously. A native gentleman, under the circumstances, will strip off his long robe, curl himself up on the planking, and go to sleep with his head on his elbow or a block of wood for a pillow; but for white men the tug is best.

Barring accidents, Dragonshore is reached any time between two and five in the afternoon. The town does not look unpicturesque, with its line of squat brick houses flanking the river, and the strings of barges moored alongside; and when you have said that, you have said about all. A geologist's eye will note the formation of the landing-stage, an outcrop of broken potsherds through a bed of primary ooze.

I asked my way to the inn of one of the knot of loafers who had come to inspect me; and a boy was told off to lead the way. In return for a civil request, Chinese are glad to render such little services, as long as they cost nothing. The streets of Dragonshore are about two paces wide. The afternoon was hot and breathless. The atmosphere of each shop swelled through the framework of door and window to mingle with the smell of the shop opposite; and as I passed under convoy of my guide, we seemed to be working through successive layers of pork, fruit, fish, and grocery essences, all heated to a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit.

The inn at Dragonshore is not a success in summer. You look in through the open doorway on to a dingy little room about twelve feet square, with a greasy counter at one side, and a stock in trade of rice, wine, dried fish, tobacco, and opium behind. Opposite are two square, black tables (they were white once) covered with bowls of salt vegetable and flies, round which half-a-dozen laborers are sitting at their rice. A Chinese kuli squatting half-naked on a bench, with a bowl at his lips, stoking rice and bawling at the same moment, is not a pretty spectacle under the most favorable conditions —

in hot weather he is distinctly unpleasant. This front room is divided from the kitchen and pig-sty by what may be called a distinguished-guest chamber — a box the size of the lift in a hotel — with a narrow passage to form the connecting link. From the shop side this bedroom is entered by a half-door, the top part of which is latticed, and lets in just so much of the gloom without as will give an outline to the horrors within. Here I was introduced to my landlord, who was lying in bed a-smoking. He graciously gave up his room to me, and for want of better accommodation I installed myself therein. Over the rest of that day and night I will draw a veil. It will be enough to observe that the cloud of flies by day was followed by a cloud of mosquitoes by night. A roaring fire from the kitchen, with whiffs of cooking and pig-sty, the sweet, nauseating smell of opium, — if these and filth and bugs past counting are enough to damn a lodging-house, then let visitors beware and shun the sign of the Rich Man's Resort at Dragonshore. The obvious alternative is to stay on board the launch all night and refuse to be evicted.

The kulis had been engaged overnight, and had promised to be at the inn by daylight next day. They turned up about eight, which was pretty well, and by nine we were off. It is safe to give your bearers an hour to play the fool in before they start; and the best thing to do is to begin breakfast when the boy announces in pure Hongkongese, "That five piecee kuli-man he come, *galáo!* S'posee you makee chop-chop all same bettah." After breakfast and a cigar, you will stroll out to find a dense crowd surrounding your baggage, by this time carefully unpacked and arranged in little parcels on the roadway, in the midst of which the kulis are brandishing a steelyard, with fearful outcries and faces distorted with passion. It is annoying, as everything has been carefully packed and weighed and approved overnight, but you have no redress. You may ejaculate, "*Lai chú! Lai chú!*" (Come,

go!) at intervals, to which all present will respond, "*Lai chu!*" but it will not make the smallest difference. Still, everything must have an end; at last smiles are the order of the day; every one says, "Come, go!" and you are exhorted to get into your chair. There was one of my men who had somewhat prepossessed me. He alone had not grumbled about his burden, but had sat stolidly on a lemonade-box, plastering a green leaf over a sore on his leg. It was at this moment that he showed his true colors. "Wait a bit," he said, with a face like a stone; "tobacco-pipe forgotten, I must go home get it." "O may Heaven bless you! and how far is your dear home?" "Not far." "And how far is that?" "Not far; perhaps it is, speaking roughly, more or less about four *li*" (a mile and a half). Mere weak humanity, under the circumstances, will "endure loss of capital," as a Chinaman would say, and give the scoundrel a farthing to buy a brand-new pipe at a shop across the road. Then your boy bethinks him that he must go and buy a dollar's worth of cash. He invariably does this at the last minute, thus adding an associated horror to the intrinsic vileness of the coin. It is held by some that the coinage of China was invented especially for the confusion of the foreigner. At any rate, two market-villages twenty miles apart are quite certain to have a different rate of exchange, and (but this may be only a coincidence) the foreigner is not the one who profits thereby. Thus, suppose you tender a dollar at Stone Umbrella mart, and after much weighing and testing thereof are given in exchange 1,030 brass coins strung on a string, of varying weight and thickness. Arrived at the Plain of Peace, you buy a dollar's worth of fowls, and put down your 1,030; only to be told that the exchange is 1,160, and you have to find the balance. Next day, having invested all your savings in cash, you return to Stone Umbrella, intending to buy up all the silver in circulation at the lower rate of exchange. Alas for your hopes! You are met with a chill-

ing, "These cash are ten parts [i.e., one hundred per cent.] worthless;" and in corroboration of his statement, your would-be victim points out, or pretends to point out, the absence of certain blurs on the horrid little rings of brass. The fact is that, quite apart from the difference in the rates of exchange, there are at least three sorts of cash in circulation, golden, indifferent, and worthless,—just as if two good shillings and a bad sixpence were legal tender for a doubtful half-crown. Then, again, one trade is by popular feeling allowed a keener sensitiveness on this point than is another. A clothier will not reject so many of your cash as will a pawnbroker; as if a cabman were justified in biting on his shilling, while a booking-clerk ought to think himself lucky in getting what he can, and should gladly accept two irreproachable pennies for a 3d. fare. All this and a great deal more every child of ten throughout the land has at his fingers' ends. Now what is the use of trying to teach a people our multiplication-table, whose every-day experience proclaims: Twice two ought to make five; take heed lest it makes but three and a half.

By the time I had pondered on these things, the Late-born returned, his cash wrapped in an aldermanic protuberance round his waist; and we really did get off at last. The journey from Dragonshore to Lo Fau San is across the alluvial plain of the East River. It is as uninteresting a twenty miles of swampy padi-land as can be found anywhere, and the roads are simply the slimy bunds between the rice-fields. If the river is up, your kulis will, after starting, point out that the country is flooded, and that you must go by boat through the creeks for a third of the way. They will not laugh externally as they tell you this. On the contrary, they will loudly express their dissatisfaction; but if you listen carefully to their conversation and merriment for the rest of the day, you will find the point to be, that the fool of a red-hair-devil has paid them carrying wages to sit in a boat for seven miles.

It is this sort of thing that has convinced the Chinese of our stupidity.

We got to the foot of Lo Fau San by sunset. Fa Shau Thoi, the Buddhist Monastery of the Fair Head, is some six hundred feet up the mountain-side, with a good bridle-path leading up from this point. It was quite dark when we arrived, and the heavy folding-doors were already bolted and barred for the night. We were shown into the guests' quarters, and assigned a bedroom and a sitting-room. The monks are used to visitors, and foreigners are not unknown; but after a long and hungry day, any one, Chinese or European, might do worse than sit down at their *table-d'hôte*, before a dish of snow-white rice piled high and a baked chicken, flanked by bowls of gravy, vermicelli, and boiled cabbage. Nor will he do amiss to guard himself from chill by a jar of hot sweet rice-wine. After dinner, I was glad to turn into my clean straw bed and sleep the sleep of the just.

Fa Shau Thoi is really a charming place, quite apart from its being raised high above the reeking stew of the Canton plain. It is enshadowed by an atmosphere of peace that removes it far away from the profane tramp and turmoil of swarming China. If the god Buddha could rouse him from the sleep of his blissful Nirvana, to hallow any spot amid the million-tongued struggle and squalor of the land, surely he would choose the gully of the Fair Head. What a contrast between its shade, the coolness of heavy timber, the rivulet dripping down between the rounded granite boulders, and the rice-field sweltering in the heat below, where the soil is half mud, half manure, and the water a thrice-defiled offscouring of both!

The path crosses a little waterfall, and leads by a flight of rough steps up to the squat brick archway that bounds the precincts of the monastery. Just inside is a little plaster image of Buddha on a pedestal, looking, it must be confessed, more like Father Christmas on a cracker than a saint who fasted and suffered and fought off his

mortality. A lane skirted by trees of almost jungle girth leads on to another flight of steps, white with the fallen blossoms of the "nine-mile-fragrant tree," which fills the air with a soft, heavy scent as of myrtle. At the top is a courtyard as big as a tennis-lawn, with a balustrade around, overhung by the upper branches of peach and pomelo and willow; and on the opposite side the monastery runs to left and right in long, low wings of red brick, broken in the middle by a verandah and portico, rich with texts in red and gold, and highly colored pictures of old men playing chess, after the well-known Chinese style. But for this porch and the blazing golden sun on the roof-beam where it sags in the middle, an Elizabethan country-house would give no bad idea of Fair Head Monastery. Immediately behind, the cliff of discolored granite runs up so steeply that the neck aches as you peer up at the blue sky above. Fir-trees cling closely to it, their roots twisted sideways into the rock. A brook slips broadly over the black face, and breaks in a patch of undergrowth half-way down, with a monotonous droning. A half-transparent mist-cloud

puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,

And loiters slowly down;

and you wake to hear yourself saying, "It's just like a Chinese picture." Through the round granite pillars of the porch you pass into an empty, barn-like room, with a drum as big as a wine-vat in one corner, and a monstrous bell engraved with *sutras* in another. This vestibule opens by two doors on to cloisters which run round a courtyard and rise by steps with the slope of the hill to the side opposite. Crossing the courtyard, you mount to the carved and fretted folding-doors of the chief shrine. If you go in, which you are quite at liberty to do, you will see that it is a plain, whitewashed room, supported on wooden pillars running up to the tiled roof. In the centre, and facing the doorway, is an altar on which are block-tin candelabra and vases filled with artificial flowers;

a little wooden drum, shaped like a whispering-shell; and a brazen bowl in which half-a-dozen joss-sticks smoulder day and night, planted in the tightly packed ashes of their predecessors. Behind this altar, and reaching half-way to the roof-beams, there is a huge wooden frame carved and varnished, with a glass front, and inside sits Buddha Shakyamuni on his throne. The idol is unlike anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath — least of all like to that Buddha whom the sight of suffering drove from his harem and his palace into the forest, to fight against his passions and to conquer after years of suffering and temptation. The only thing it does resemble at all is a Chinaman who has read the classics. The artist has not been able to avoid giving the patronizing droop of the eyes and the smooth, unthinking brow which are his conventions for dignity; even the supercilious little finger is there, cocked up to show its long, dainty nail, which says, "Look at me, and judge if we ever do any work." Yes, this overdressed, impertinent Celestial is the weather-beaten etherealized Messiah!

There are half-a-dozen lesser shrines within the precinct, all much the same to look at, connected by cloisters and courtyards. The Heavenly Wells, as these courtyards are called, are filled with lotus-lilies, white and red, and flowering shrubs, and little tanks of goldfish. Now and then one of the dingy, sodden monks will saunter out to renew the incense-sticks, or to pick a flower and lay it upon the altar; but during the daytime they keep very quiet with their opium-pipes in their cells, and are not much in evidence; and a perfect calm rests over the Fair Head.

But when the drum beats for evening prayer all is changed. Thirty monks appear from nowhere in particular, each in a cassock of dove-colored hemp, with a surplice of russet or yellow fastened at the left shoulder with a knot of red. Then if you peep through the carvings of the doorway into the big shrine, you will see them standing

each by his praying-mat, facing each other in rows on this side and that of Buddha's throne. The candle-light from the altar catches the carving and the lacquer-work, and — the clean-shaven heads of the brethren. A monk folds his hands before him, shuts his eyes, and launches forth into a prayer, which, being in corrupt Sanscrit, is not understood of the general. He gabbles through it as fast as he can go, in a high, nasal sing-song which seems strangely familiar; it appears to be a sort of litany, the congregation making the responses in unison. At intervals a gong jars the semi-silence; while through all you are aware of a queer, droning throb, and discover at length that it comes from a novice, who, with a sublime air of abstraction and the slightest perceptible movement of his hand, is tap-tapping at a tiny wooden drum. The blend of subdued sounds, lights, colors, gives the indescribable something of sensuous charm that steals upon a man in a Catholic place of worship; and I felt a secret sympathy with Ah Man at my side — Ah Man, the declared agnostic — when he whispered, "Perhaps true indeed! I perceive that these men fervently believe."

Suddenly all face round to the doorway, their backs to the altar. The fat old abbot kneels and prostrates himself thrice, striking his head on the stone floor. Then they form in procession and march round the shrine, chanting the key-note of their religion as it has reached them from the mouths of the Indian missionaries to China more than two thousand years ago: "Nan-Vu O-Ni-To Fut!" Holy Buddha Infinite! More prayers, more *kowtows*; and so the day's work ends; except there are two, for whom it is a duty (whether of fatigue or supererogation, I know not) to beat the big drum for some hours, and to strike the carved bell with a suspended battering-ram six times eighteen times. Then all is over for the night, until, an hour before daylight, you wake to hear the new day ushered in by renewed throb and clang of drum and bell.

It sounds very solemn and imposing, but it must not be supposed that the Buddhist monks know anything about their own doctrine. Any one wishing to inform himself on the subject should turn it up in the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" it will be time wasted to ask a Chinese monk. Indeed, their ignorance of the religion they profess is astounding. They know, most of them, that "Fut," as they call Buddha, was a foreigner of some sort, but that is about all. They do not understand the very prayers they chant. They burn incense before strange gods—before the Tao-ist God of the Five Compass-points, for instance. They have absolved themselves from the command against eating animal food, and are content to eat *maigre*, like the Tao-ists, two days a month; though perhaps they could give a reason for this innovation. Not that their ignorance is remarkable, considering the way they are recruited. One takes the vows—"shaves the head," as he would say—because he does not see any other means of ensuring his daily dose of opium. Another because he has got into trouble, and is "wanted" at Canton. After a year's menial service, should he still give satisfaction, he may aspire to become an Exalted Brother as good as the rest.

Are they, then, mere vulgar impostors? Perhaps not. They say they believe—something which they have never taken the trouble to think out—anything that is the "correct thing" for Buddhists to believe; and I doubt their making any mental reservations. The fact is, they are past reasoning, as they are past curiosity, past hope and fear. They are absolutely careless and useless and besotted. If this is the life of the lotus-eater, most people would prefer to live the life of a naked Sakai on a Malay mountain, with a blow-pipe hunting squirrels for the evening meal.

Our next ambition was the very top of the mountain—namely, Pat Yun Tshz, the Buddhist Monastery of the Opening Cloud. Of the four bearers who were engaged for 6 A.M. sharp, two turned up at eight, which was

pretty good, considering John's idea of time and a promise. But at ten o'clock the other two still were not; so I made a start with those I had, leaving the Late-born to ferret out the perjured beasts of burden and follow after.

It is wisely forbidden by the authorities to cut wood in the valley of the Fair Head; but I was not grateful to my men for taking me by a short cut through the underwood and drenching me to the waist; however, as things turned out, a little moisture more or less did not matter. Then began the real climb, up zigzag tracks of clay, and over slope after slope of grass-clad hillside, with stepping-stones here and there in the steepest bits. As the kulis were carrying ninety pounds apiece, it may be imagined that our progress was slow. Over the worst bits they swang deliberately from stone to stone, uttering an exclamatory "Tshaw!" and the clink of Bass against Pilsener jarred cruelly on the imagination. Happily, not a bottle was broken.

After about an hour we made out three little white specks on a yellow line below us, which seemed to be the rest of the party, and by our combined war-cries attracted their attention. I extemporized a telegraphic apparatus out of my sun-hat on a walking-stick, and was engaged in a desperate attempt to signal for some one to post on with the tobacco (for I was in a cigarless region), when the mist closed down on us, and we were alone in a green grey island, cut off from life of any sort. It also began to rain, and things did not look cheerful. Even a halt for lunch brought little comfort; for as I munched the homely biscuit, the bearers pleaded so earnestly for a share that it went to my heart to refuse them—although, as I pointed out, they had already "eaten full," and my "foreign-tin cakes" were "for me, one individual, probably not enough." They then squatted on their haunches and watched me, gulping pathetically after the manner of dogs. But when one of them demanded "Wi-si-ki spirit," I began to suspect that they were not so unsophisticated as they looked.

When, after four hours' climbing, we had covered some two-thirds of the distance, the spirits of the angry mountain determined to do their worst; and the rain, which up to this point had been "*Tit, tit, tat, tat,*" as a Chinaman expressively puts it, became "*Pi-pa-la, pi-li-pa-la,*" and in a very few minutes we were drenched to the skin. However, we bore up manfully, and bearer Number One vexed the solitude with a mountain ditty, sung, or, as we should say, howled, in a drawling falsetto. The first verse goes something like this:—

Still is all around us, still and fair to see, —
None on all your mountain-sides can sing
a song like me.

You, you know the mountain-song; sing
a stave or two.

Come, my little sister, join in harmony!

There are a great many verses, most of which are not exactly of a drawing-room nature, though they appeared to relieve the singer's feelings immensely. Perhaps they recalled a romantic passion of the days gone by, when some fair grass-cutter on the hillside forgot the husband who bought her, in rapture at the strain, and encouraged his advances by replying:—

Through the dewy moorland round about I
stray,
Sleeve rolled back to elbow, cutting grass
all day;

Weary of my labor; fainting in the
heat,—

Lo! here comes a stranger; very sweet his
lay.

It is a pity that this sort of romance should be the only form possible under Chinese conditions.

When, after a last long scramble, a low wall and a cluster of corrugated-iron roofs loomed through the down-pour, we all were glad. The solitary monk at the Opening Cloud Monastery gave me a hearty welcome, and installed me in the only shrine that did not leak. The rest of our party arrived not long after, with stirring tales of peril incurred in crossing a torrent, where a yard-wide streamlet had trickled an hour before. The remaining daylight was spent in planking a path-

way round the green earth floor of my room, and in drying our clothes and bedding in one corner round a charcoal stove as big as a flower-pot.

For him who shuns his fellow-men the Opening Cloud is the place; there he may rest assured that he is six good miles from any living soul. The monastery was almost entirely destroyed during a storm last year, and the sole remaining monk is a "flowing-water smoker"—that is, he never leaves his bed and opium-pipe except for meals. He and his man-of-all-work are the only society. It is true that on my arrival there was a third, but he was an interloper. Having chanced to stray up, he had decided that a "Fo Shang's" life would be a happy one, and proposed in due course to shave off his pigtail and enter the order. At first my friend, with the indifference of a confirmed smoker, had raised no objections; but as time went on, it dawned on him that lighting twenty joss-sticks a day and banging a gong were no sort of equivalent for the man's keep, for he was a gross feeder. Accordingly he loudly urged the impropriety of a man, with wife and parents still alive, aspiring to the monkhood. And when the new-comer expressed his willingness to sell the one and renounce the other, the monk, feeling unequal to a forcible expulsion, was reduced to the absurd expedient of scolding the unfortunate man all day long—for the way he beat the drum! The excitement was a great strain on the poor child of Buddha, and I was glad when he plucked up courage to settle the business by cutting off supplies.

Even at Pat Yun Tshz new faces are seen occasionally. During my stay a party of rush-cutters called who had never before seen a foreigner. They were very respectful, and rather nervous—quite different from the type of Chinaman who stares at you, laughing just as insolently as is safe under the circumstances, and who bursts into filthy abuse as soon as your back is turned. This ruffian, who is seen to as great advantage in civilized Canton as

anywhere, is the product of familiarity, not ignorance.

Not such a one was Tshya lau Pak — dear old Uncle Grace — who in his wanderings after calladia for medicine came up to the monastery, and gave us the benefit of his company through one delightful evening. He was a little, withered, smiling old man from an up-country Hakka village, who seemed to have outgrown his Chinesity and to have become merely human. In a *sarong* and headkerchief he might have passed for a Malay raja of the old school; or, in a smock-frock and clodhoppers, for an English cottager of the old school. It was a foggy, drizzling night when I found old Uncle Grace seated at the kitchen table near the fire, with a pipe in one hand and the other wrapped cosily around the teapot; while the Late-born and the man-of-all-work were listening to him open-mouthed. Over the fire a pan of fresh-cut tea a-drying filled the air with a fragrant steam and a suggestion of comfort that my room lacked. So I too sat and listened, and longed for a Kipling to immortalize the endless stream of stories with which he edified us — each one ending with, "Ha! that was the way of it. What more would ye have? But I remember —" and so on to the next.

In course of time he asked me the inevitable questions, Had not I come up to search for treasure? Could not I see a fathom into the ground because my eyes were blue? But when I declared with some irritation that I did not believe there was any treasure at all in his mountains, "There is!" he replied eagerly; "I have seen it flying like a bird. Hai, ya-a! I shall not forget it. But that was twenty years or more ago, Kwong Si not yet being emperor. At Fi Chu Fu I saw it. For there lived a bookman there surnamed Tshin; his little girl's eyes had grown a cataract, and he bade me climb the hills, seek medicine, give her to eat —"

"And the treasure?" I hinted, for the good man was rather apt to wabble out of the groove.

"Yes, it was so!" he went on. "When I was crossing the bridge, opposite where the great pagoda is, then at that time in heaven above we men heard a cry of 'Lonk, lonk, lonk.' Just like this was the sound" (and he made the brass mouthpiece of his pipe ring against the cast-iron tea-pan). "When it was thus, as many as were there, we raised our heads, and behold there were lumps of silver and gold floating above us."

"Geese, maybe," said Late-born, the sceptic.

"Geese? Plague seize thy mother!" Old Uncle Grace replied, still smiling. "Gold and silver geese hast thou ever seen unto this day? Nay, they were round things like plates, — neither head nor wing; there were also three-cornered ones, and four-cornered ones; and they flew by. Then in a moment we men all knelt down and prayed them, 'Pray ye do not go, ah! Pray ye deign to tarry with us, ah!' And then, as we spoke, straightway they all turned back and parted into two flights, first the silver in a big flight, and then the gold in a lesser flight; and wheeling-wheeling fashion they flew lower and lower, and when one touched another they chinked 'Lonk, lonk.'"

"Did they settle?" the man-of-all-work whispered.

"Ill-luck and alas! there was one small boy picked up a stone even thus, and threw it, thinking by chance to hit them. Then in a flash away they flew, *fi, fu* the sound of it, towards this flashing-basket hill; and to this day no man has seen them more. Hai, tai. So strange an affair! And I saw it with these eyes."

Then he told us stories of tigers, and of birds that turned to snakes and bit their owners, and of men whom devils seized and thrust living into graves. He also gave an account of the capture of Pekin in '60 by a cuckoo clock, which, as far as I remember, has escaped the attention of historians. "And so the foreign men," he said, emphasizing the last word to draw my attention to the compliment implied — "the foreign men, they made a clock."

Who shall say how big? And on the top there was an iron bird that flapped its wings and cried *kikaw, kikaw*. A man told me this. And inside there were wheels and machinery and fire-powder. So they gave it to the emperor. The emperor—who shall say how pleased he was?—took it, and put it safe in his palace. Put it in his palace; then not many days and it burst to pieces, POW! and men were killed past counting, and in rushed the foreign soldiers, and plundered and killed and burned!”

“But how did the foreign soldiers get there?” I asked.

“The foreign soldiers had gone up river one by one, feigning to do traffic in merchandise. That is how they got there, *ko lo waw*.”

The Monastery of the Opening Cloud is built in a sort of crater, with the peak that names the mountain towering four hundred feet above, which peak is supposed to have floated into position during a deluge, and to be shaped like a basket. In my opinion it is more like a camel, or a weasel, or a whale. If you take the trouble to climb up, and if the mist holds off, you will get a view of a south-China rice-plain, as seen from four thousand feet of grey grass slope and black granite, that is worth remembering. The East River, coming down in a crimson flood under the sunset, slips into a thousand veins, and winds through the rice-fields (palest green as I saw them, with the promise of the second crop), and round the oases of higher land, where the white cottages are built above flood-level, each imbedded in a patch of bamboo or fruit-trees that show almost black by contrast. And far away to the west the sun sets behind the golden line that marks the Canton estuary.

The next place to go to is Su Lau Kwon, the Tao-ist Temple of Tranquillity. The way down is extremely steep and slippery and wearisome. If one could only take a seat in the streamlet, and switch-back down in fifty-foot leaps of shining spray! By the time the tourist has joggled down the three thousand odd feet into the valley be-

low, he will be glad enough to get the stiffness out of his knees by bathing in the black hole scooped out by the falling water under a shady wall of rock, not at all regarding his bearers, who, anxious for their midday rice, will warn him that he will assuredly be drowned, for that it is far too deep to swim in!

The Temple of Tranquillity stands with its back to a wood at the end of a spit of rice-land jutting out from the broader valley. Looking down on it from the wood, the same jumble is seen as at the Buddhist monastery of curved tiled roofs ornamented with suns and dragons, but on a larger scale. In front is the same cement courtyard—golden, when I arrived, with the fruits of the first harvest, laid out to dry in the sun before being garnered into the temple granaries. Inside, too, the arrangements are a servile imitation. There is a Tao-ist Trinity to match the Triune Buddha; there are the same paintings, incense, flowers, and altars. One cannot help feeling that since the Chinese are so successful in chaffering and money-grubbing, it is a pity for them to enter the domain of religion, where they are not equally qualified to shine. If Buddhism is an exotic that may have suffered in transplanting, at any rate the doctrine of *Tao*, or the Way, is a native growth. Lo Tsz, or the Ancient One, its founder, was a white-haired recluse at the time that Confucius became known twenty-four centuries ago. He left a book behind him which, with much that is obscure, contains also many of the truths accepted as divine by less mundane races than the Chinese. His creed was that all things spring from the Way, and must return to it. To follow the Way in simplicity is the only happiness; and this is to be attained through *Tak*, or Virtue. “Who is good, I would meet with goodness; and who is not good I would meet with goodness; for *Tak* is goodness,” said the Ancient One, — whose dictum, by the way, contrasts curiously with the saying of Confucius, less exalted if more practical: “With what,

then, would ye recompense goodness? Recompense goodness with goodness, and evil with justice."

But ethics do not suit China. By the workings of the national genius, this simple old philosopher in his mountain cell was degraded into a Drury Lane miracle-mongering idol, and his cleanly life bespattered, not with sweet-smelling legends like those that hide the beginnings of other leaders of men, but with such stories as that he sprang into life from his mother's armpit an old man with flapping, three-holed ears and twenty toes! His followers then proceeded to annex every popular deity that could gain them a supporter; and when, in the first century A.D., Buddhism became a formidable rival, these two religions entered into a long struggle for popularity, each borrowing from the other any feature that seemed to be an advantage. Hence the absurd resemblance between them is the result of the adaptation of two different species to an uncongenial environment; and it is to be hoped that the process will continue until the degraded progeny of both are improved out of existence.

I asked one of the Tao-ist priesthood what he considered to be the salient distinction between his religion and Buddhism — a question which staggered him visibly. After mature consideration he replied: "The Exalted Brethren shave their heads bare; but we Searchers after the Way twist ours into a top-knot, — thus." A broader distinction seems to lie in the expression of the idols; for while those of Buddha are mostly bland, not to say supercilious, the Tranquil Temple collection was conspicuous for scowling, black-bearded ferocity. The thunder-god struck me as particularly impressive. I liked his sword and his top-boots; but, above all, I was struck with his pair of cherubim, whose hammers and chisels and long, sharp beaks well qualified them to guard their master's interests. Of course I do not mean to hint that Ni Yaw Sz looks ferocious; but she was a lady and an empress, and behaves herself as such;

she sits quietly in a shrine nicely fitted up as a boudoir, with pictures and lotus-lilies. When heaven leaked a long time ago, she melted five sorts of stone together and patched it up. So the story goes; but I never believed it till I saw a piece of the unused material which is kept on show to confound the incredulous; even so, a casual observer might mistake it for a piece of lava.

European visitors are not unknown on the Lo Fau San, but naturally the main income of the Tranquil Temple is derived from native pilgrims and sight-seers. The high officials at Canton pay occasional visits, as do many of the gentry and literati, despite the scepticism they profess, — to set an example, as they explain it, to the "Hundred Surnames," *Anglicè*, the masses. It may be so; but a European can keep a good many Chinamen at bay as long as they are not *quite* sure that he is powerless against them; and it may be that the free-thinkers have a similar feeling towards the gods they laugh at in their homes. They take no chances. A few dollars spent on incense at the worst can do no harm.

At any rate, ample accommodation for visitors is provided. On arriving I was shown into the guest-room, a pretty little hall with a courtyard full of flowers at one end, and a deep window-recess strewn with opium-smokers' lounge-mats at the other, and with the inevitable straight-backed chairs of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl ranged stiffly along the side-walls. After a few minutes a venerable old priest appeared, to whom I bowed politely, shaking my clasped hands on a level with my chin, and a "Yes! yes! I will sit down, sit down, sit down!" on my tongue's end ready to meet his "Good! good! Pray you sit down." Instead of this, "Have you been attended to, sir!" he said in very good English, and completed my astonishment by alluding to a cadaverous young priest in a blue robe behind him as "the steward" who would "take my orders." Afterwards I drew him out, and got him to tell me what he was doing in that galley.

From his own account he worked for many years on a Pacific liner; and when after an illness the ship's doctor told him that his heart was affected, and prescribed perfect freedom from excitement as his only hope, he elected to spend his remaining days in this temple. He was most polite and pleasant; and at the risk of making my story all digression, I beg for a moment's hearing in defence of my very good friend John Chinaman back from abroad. I know that I am in a minority on this point; for all the missionaries agree that the last state of this man is worse than the first. One reason for this unanimity is that a convert, after ten years of California, not unnaturally has lost much of his teaching. But I maintain the real trouble lies in this; the missionaries (quite unconsciously I admit) gain a very considerable proportion of their converts through what appears to me to be a misunderstanding. Suppose Iraf the Golden is an intelligent man, he will think, "These foreigners are richer and more comfortable and better than I; it is good to be like them." So he places himself under the instruction of some foreign missionary establishment, and by contact with Western civilization is confirmed in his idea that foreigners and superiority and Christianity are one and the same thing. Then he goes to Australia; meets larrikins and drunken sheep-shearers; hears himself habitually addressed not as Foreign Devil but as Blankety Chow; amasses wealth in a respectable market-gardening way, and returns to erect something really handsome over the bones of his departed father. He will then call on his old pastor in a friendly spirit, and probably will shock him a good deal. But he bears no malice whatever to the foreigner; and in after-years, if he meets a stranger on the road, he will delicately attract his attention by murmuring all the English that has remained with him, "One, two, ti-lee." I remember arguing this point with a French priest, who said he had picked up a Siamese swear-word, *Ma-kan-a-*

sik, from hearing it constantly hurled at him by home-returning travellers. Unfortunately the expression happens to be Chinese-Malay for "*Have you eaten rice?*" (*makan nasi*), and so means "*Give ye good day.*" No! if the awakening of China is to come from within—and that seems rather unlikely just at present—it will come in the next hundred years or so from a leavening of these much-abused adventurers.

But to go back to my invalidated friend in the Temple of Tranquillity. Truly he could not have chosen a better place. The eighty priests who dream away their lives here have an easy time. Where the wood slopes down and flanks the temple they have made pathways and rough stone benches; and here they sit the long day through and plat fibres into "magic brooms" to flap away the flies with, chatting together in an undertone or listening to a caged bird singing in the branches overhead. They do not smoke opium, or at any rate they do not stupefy themselves with it as do the Buddhist monks; on the contrary, they seem as cheery and contented as they well can be. And in the cool of springtime, when the pear-trees are white with blossom, and the fir wood is studded with azaleas and the wild rhododendron, few places in sordid China can be sweeter and more pleasant than the Temple of Tranquillity.

I have just one hint to give my tourist, and that is how to pay before leaving. He shall express a desire to burn incense. His surname, style, and donation will then be written on red paper and posted upon the temple wall by way of receipt. If he is a millionaire, he will hardly grudge a dollar for each day of his visit. Above this, even supposing him to have "eaten himself" and not the temple cuisine, he will gladly spare a few dollars' "tea money" for that most attentive of "stewards" and his satellites.

There are several other show-places on Lo Fau San, but after the Temple of Tranquillity they come rather like an anti-climax. On the way back, sev-

enteen miles of path along the skirt of the mountain make a pleasant walk, with a convenient halt for lunch at the Temple of the White Crane, and a comfortable night's lodging at King Dragon Temple. The latter place has a wide reputation for the waters of its cascade; and I can vouch for their excellence, whether taken neat or diluted. The King Dragon—it sounds rather like a public house—is, moreover, scrupulously clean, and the priests are only too glad to see a guest. Here, after three weeks' absence from the outer world, a news-hunger seized me, and I inquired after the war, then still in its babyhood; but the interesting event had not yet reached the ears of these secluded floating-basketers. I wonder if they have heard of Ping Yang and Yalu by now! How, after a long day's march in the sun, I came to spend the evening guessing riddles, I cannot imagine. It is not easy to translate riddles without blunting their point; but "Little Miss Netticoat with a white petticoat" is cosmopolitan, and the Sphinx her enigma gave satisfaction. They could guess none of mine, and I could guess none of theirs. Who would think that a beast with "six eyes, three tails, four legs down, four legs up, marching into town," could be two Chinamen carrying a dead pig to market slung on a pole? So the trial of wits resulted in a draw.

There are six leagues of hot, muddy path to be covered before Dragonshore is seen again. After having borne up in the hope of ice and a punkah next morning, it was a cruel disappointment to find that the tug ran only every other day, and not that day. Even the Late-born's placid soul was ruffled. The only alternative to another night of horrors at the inn was to charter a covered native boat, which we did. The captain and the crew (which was his wife) slept for'ard, with a partition between them and us; and we ate our rice and cursed our fate. Still we did not do so badly after all, for with the moon-rise a breeze sprang up, and a rice-barge, under a huge black sail, bore

down on us where we lay-to for the night, throwing off the water like quicksilver from her square bows. Yells and counter yells, a rope thrown and made fast, and we were spinning along in her wake, till by morning the spires of the French cathedral at Canton, which are the two horns of the City of Rams, peaked up out of the rice-flat. And by midday we had passed the forts, said good-bye to our convoy, and were working up the Canton arm of the river.

After all, it was worth while to have missed the tug for the experience of creeping up the river-side, in the slack of the current, under the endless line of houses. The high deck of the Hong-Kong steamer shows you a kaleidoscope medley of small craft splashing slantwise across the stream, apparently doing their utmost to get rammed; but to understand the meaning of the strata that line the banks, you must take them at their own level. Then you know that what looked like an inert mass is really composed of an innumerable collection of shifting particles—house-boats, passage-boats, slipper-boats, sampans, barges—each with a life and movement of its own. It is a city within a city. There are roads, too, and byways. Now you slip under the gangway of a Shanghai junk unloading at a wharf; now you are scraping along the Plimsoll-line of an empty British collier; then out into the current to clear a row of lighters moored side by side. There is no room for rowing, so you roll along before a wagging stern-oar; and when the crush develops into a block, it is "Out boat-hooks," and shove at the boats alongside quite regardless of where they want to go. Once as we bumped along, the young woman at the oar of the boat next ours lost her balance and pitched into my arms. She was not at all discomposed, and the baby slung across her back did not wake up. She stepped back again without a word, and continued her remarks to a friend at the shouting-point where they had been interrupted. She was used to it. Probably she, like

thousands of others, had never slept off her father's or her husband's boat during her whole life. Here and there, among the hundreds of such homes that jostle by, you get a glimpse of a little cabin where a desire for art is manifested — not common among the lower classes of Chinese; a touch of brilliant lacquer; a scroll of texts in gold and green; a looking-glass; perhaps a tawdry oleograph of the Virgin — come from who knows where? — stuck in all good faith next to an advertisement picture of Pearbrooke's soap.

Past the cathedral, past the Flower Boats, the vast Alhambra of Canton towering above us like an anchored hotel (only three days later I saw all that was left of the Flower Boats, a hollow square of flames flickering along the water-level), past the Custom-House into the glad sight of a stone embankment, an avenue, and the clean white houses of Shameen, with the Union-jack, and the stars and stripes, and the tri-color flying above the consulates. The danger remains of being confronted by a lady acquaintance dressed as if for Hyde Park; but safely at the hotel, though mine host may gaze with disapproval at your dishevelled appearance and dirty *khaki* suit, it only remains to speak up lustily and call for the three great necessities — a bath, and a barber, and the last number of *Blackwood*.

E. A. IRVING.

KA YIN CHU, 29th November, 1894.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A NIGHT IN THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

EVERY newspaper reader has heard of the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons. It is the medium through which he is enabled to gaze upon the arena at Westminster on which the rival political parties of the State fight out at close quarters their polemical differences; to observe how the great captains bear themselves in the combats, and to hear what each has got to say, in that war of words, in support of

the faith that is in him. But of the ways and means of the gallery, popular knowledge is of the most meagre character. Indeed, outside the ranks of journalism there are few acquainted with the conditions under which the reports of speeches and the descriptions of incidents in the House of Commons are supplied to the morning newspapers. The attention of the visitor to the House is often irresistibly attracted from the proceedings on the floor of the chamber by the bustle and animation which prevail in the gallery over the speaker's chair. He knows it is the reporters' gallery. There is sufficient evidence of that in the spectacle of pens and pencils in the nimble fingers of its occupants flying over the pages of note-books. He watches with interest the relieving of the men who are "on" for a verbatim report of a great speech by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain. At the signal — a touch on the shoulder — ten or a dozen reporters jump simultaneously out of the little boxes in front of the gallery, and giving place to colleagues, ready with note-book and pencil to take up the speaker at the exact point at which they left off, they disappear from the gallery. But of what goes on outside the gallery the average visitor to the House, like the average newspaper reader, is ignorant. Let us, then, have a look behind the scenes of this busy journalistic workshop at Westminster. We shall find it an experience at once interesting and instructive.

The ambition of every newspaper reporter is to get into the gallery of the House of Commons. But only a favored few obtain that distinction. No one is permitted to enter the gallery without a ticket, and, owing to its limited accommodation, not more than two hundred and fifty of these tickets are issued by the serjeant-at-arms to newspapers whose positions entitle them to be represented there by reporters, London correspondents, leader-writers, artists, or sketch-writers. The tickets are of two classes: "transfer-

ferable" and "non-transferable." A transferable ticket may be used by any member of the staff of the newspaper for whom it is issued; but the non-transferable ticket can be used only by the journalist whose name it contains. The non-transferable tickets are in this form:—

REPORTERS' GALLERY,

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Not Transferable.

SESSION 1895.

MR. WILLIAM GOVAN,

The Daily Mercury.

H. D. ERSKINE.

Well, armed with this piece of cardboard, we are allowed to pass through the outer gates of Palace Yard by the vigilant policemen on duty there; and from the cloisters of Palace Yard we ascend by a spiral staircase to the wing of the Houses of Parliament set apart for the accommodation of the members of the reporters' gallery.

Until this session access to the gallery was to be had only by one door, which was in the centre. Last session a strong representation as to the difficulties of entrance and exit on busy nights was made by the committee of the gallery to the first commissioner of works, and as a result the centre door was built up, and two doors—one at each end—were opened in the gallery during the recess. Inside the gallery sits Mr. Woodcraft, the principal gallery attendant, whose easy duty it is to preserve order and decorum amongst its occupants. He is in evening dress and wears across his breast the badge which distinguishes all the attendants in the House—a brass chain with a figure of Mercury attached. If it be our first appearance for the session, our credentials from the serjeant-at-arms must be produced for inspection by Mr. Woodcraft. But you are rarely asked again during the session to show your credentials if you are the holder of a non-transferable ticket. The first impression one gets of the gallery is

its narrow and confined dimensions. In front of it and overlooking the chamber, are twenty-nine boxes, each just affording sitting room for one person. Behind, against the carved oak screen running right round the gallery, and separated from the boxes by a narrow gangway only, is a raised bench with a ledge in front for the purposes of writing. Not more than eighty journalists can be accommodated in the gallery, between the boxes, the bench and some standing room in the corners, so that on nights of interest and importance the gallery becomes, indeed, "a congested district."

The boxes which, of course, are better situated than the bench behind for seeing and hearing what is going on below on the floor of the House, are allotted to the exclusive use of certain London and provincial journals and news agencies. The *Times* has got three of the boxes in the very centre, and therefore in the best position in the gallery. One is for the use of its reporting staff, another for the chief of the staff, and the third for the writer of its Parliamentary summary. The other London morning papers, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Daily Telegraph*, have each a box for the reporters, and another each for their summary-writers or the chiefs of their staffs. Two of the metropolitan evening papers, and two only, enjoy a share, but only a share, in a box. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the use of a box till six o'clock, when Reuter, the foreign news agency, gets possession, and the *Globe* divides in like manner the accommodation of a box with the summary-writer of the *Morning Advertiser*. The Press Association and the Central News, the two chief news agencies, have each got two boxes for their reporting staffs and summary-writers; and there is also a box for the Parliamentary debates' staff. Amongst the provincial papers, the *Scotsman* (Edinburgh), the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin), and the

Manchester Guardian alone have the exclusive use of boxes. Important provincial papers like the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Liverpool Courier*, the *Liverpool Post*, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, the *Manchester Courier*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Bradford Observer*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, the *Irish Times*, the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, the *South Wales Daily News*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, etc., have to share between them the few remaining boxes. This is done by two or three of the Liberal papers, or two or three of the Conservative papers, combining together and employing a special staff to report "local members" — members sitting for constituencies within the district covered by each paper — special attention, of course, being given to Liberal members by the Liberal papers, and to Conservative members by Conservative papers, the remainder of the report being supplied by the Press Association or the Central News.

The provincial morning papers who have not special representatives in the gallery get their reports from one or other of the news agencies. These reports are of three classes — the "summary," a continuous but summarized report of the proceedings; "specials," consisting of full and first-person reports of ministers, and ex-ministers of importance; and "locals," or reports of local members done specially for local papers. These three separate and distinct reports of the proceedings in Parliament are often delivered, by telegraph, of course, to a newspaper in the provinces during the night, and with the aid of scissors and paste are arranged in order, as one coherent and complete report by the sub-editor. The length at which the Parliamentary speeches of local members, particularly on local matters, are given in provincial journals, while distinguished statesmen like Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour are often put into a few lines in the same report, must have occasionally puzzled newspaper readers. The arrangement I have described will throw some light on the mystery. But

it must be also borne in mind that a speech by a local member on a local matter frequently transcends in interest and importance to local readers even the most eloquent pronouncement on some subject of imperial concern by a prime minister. The London journals are in a different position. They have no "local members" to look after. They are indifferent to the representative of Bow and Bromley, or of Kensington, as such; and in reporting Parliament they are guided solely by the space at their command, and the nature of the proceedings.

It is a common complaint of the provincial press that undue representation has been given to the London journals in the distribution of boxes and seats in the reporters' gallery. It is said "Why should the *Times* have three boxes, and why should the other London papers have two boxes each, when not one of the daily newspapers of important provincial centres like Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Cardiff, has a box for its own exclusive use?" The existing allotment of seats took place many years ago, when perhaps the provincial press lagged far behind the London press. Now, however, the daily newspapers of our large provincial towns occupy, by right of their enterprise and ability, positions not inferior to the metropolitan journals; and they report Parliament at as great length as any of the London papers, save the *Times*, while they have to bear the heavy expense, from which the metropolitan papers are free, of nightly telegraphing these reports to their publishing offices in the country. The foreign press correspondents in London also complain — and, I think, complain with great justice — of their total exclusion from the gallery, though the correspondents of London newspapers are afforded the fullest facilities for the discharge of their functions in all the legislative assemblies on the Continent. The only representative of the foreign press in the gallery of the House of Commons is Reuter's agency. But the truth is, the authorities of the

House, Mr. Speaker, and the serjeant-at-arms, are naturally reluctant to make any innovation which would either disturb long-existing privileges, or increase the already undue pressure on the accommodation in the gallery ; and until the House itself deems it a matter in which it might becomingly interest itself and passes a "Redistribution of Seats Bill" for the gallery, the present condition of things will probably be allowed to continue.

The seats on the back bench, which, as I have already said, do not command a full view of the House, are not reserved. They are used, as a rule, by descriptive writers, London correspondents, and leader-writers, who take notes of the salient points of important speeches, or watch for interesting incidents or material of any kind for graphic and spicy paragraphs ; and by artists and caricaturists on the lookout for characteristic attitudes and facial expressions of the leading Parliamentarians. In the normal condition of things there is no difficulty in getting a seat on this bench ; but on interesting occasions, when a big bill is about to be introduced, or an important speech to be delivered, you have to come down early to secure a place there.

Let us see, now, how the reporters work. We will take the *Times* staff for the purposes of illustration. The staff formerly consisted of at least thirteen reporters and the chief, but as the *Times* has now undertaken to supply the report to Messrs. Waterlow, the printers and publishers of the Parliamentary debates popularly known as "Hansard," the staff has been increased by three additional reporters. The average strength of the staffs of the other London papers is eight men. As a rule, they report the proceedings at only about half the length the *Times* gives to its splendid record, but they work on the same principles. At the opening of every sitting the chief of the staff who superintends the work draws up a list of quarter-hour "turns," which is followed by the

members of the staff in regular rotation. Here is a specimen :—

Staff.	Turns.
Mr. Ponsonby	3
" Robinson	3.15
" Rowland	3.30
" Salter	3.45
" Macauley	4
" Smith	4.15
" Wright	4.30
" Hooke	4.45
" Williams	5
" Reynolds	5.15
" Jones	5.30
" Higginson	5.45
" Browne	6
" Stubbs	6.15
" Clarke	6.30
" Alexander	6.45

Mr. Ponsonby is due again at 7 o'clock, Mr. Robinson at 7.15, and so on, so that each member of the staff gets more than three clear hours to transcribe his quarter of an hour of shorthand notes into long-hand, unless some of the reporters are required in the Lords, when, of course, the time between turns is not so long. If the debate is not of any great interest, a "turn" will occupy in transcription only an hour, or in some instances two hours, according to the standing of the speaker. But even if the member be Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, or any of the other party leaders, who are usually given verbatim and in the first person, the writing out of his notes will not take the reporter much more than two hours. Mr. Ponsonby's third "turn" comes at eleven o'clock. At ten o'clock the "turns" are shortened to ten minutes, at eleven to seven and a half minutes, and at midnight to five minutes, in order that the "copy" may be written up with all possible speed and despatched to the composing-room in Printing House Square. Mr. Ponsonby will, probably, have a fourth turn of seven and a half or of five minutes before the House adjourns between twelve and one o'clock ; but the members of the staff towards the bottom of the list will have only three turns each. They make up for coming on late by getting off early. The list,

however, is changed every week. By a natural process of rotation, Mr. Robinson, who is second on the list this week, will next week open the proceedings, and be followed by Mr. Rowland and the others in the same order, while Mr. Ponsonby goes to the bottom of the list.

There is just one more point to explain in connection with the list of turns. As each man writes out his turn he puts on every slip a number, "1" or "2" or "3," to indicate that it is his first, or second, or third turn. Thus Mr. Ponsonby writes on the top of his slips "1," "2," "3," etc.; and at the end of the turn writes, "Robinson follows." Mr. Robinson in like manner uses for his first turn the numeral "1" on his slips. As further guides to the compositors in "making-up" the report when it is put into type, Mr. Robinson begins his turn by stating that he has relieved Mr. Ponsonby, thus: "Robinson follows Ponsonby," and by also indicating who is addressing the House, thus: "Balfour speaking." This is done right through the report. It may seem to the outsider an elaborate system of precaution; but such is the hurry and excitement that prevail in the composing-room, especially towards the hour when the paper has to be "put to bed," that this exceeding care is very needful to prevent "mixes"—such as portions of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's speech being attributed to Mr. Labouchere, and *vice versa*—which, however amusing they may be to the newspaper reader, do not, to say the least, tend to the gaiety of the printing-office.

When a reporter is relieved by a colleague at the end of his quarter of an hour, he leaves the gallery and goes to one of the writing-out rooms to transcribe his notes. We will accompany him thither. Immediately outside the gallery is a large compartment containing a telegraph-office where press and private messages are received. This office is connected with St. Martin's-le-Grand by a pneumatic tube, through

which "copy" tucked into "carriers" is transmitted to the provincial instrument-room at the Central Telegraph Office, a distance of two miles and a half from Westminster, in five minutes, and thence telegraphed all over the country. The compartment behind the gallery, and two rooms to the right and left, and another large compartment connected with the first by a short passage, resound with the bustle of messenger boys, in the uniforms of the news agencies, and several London and provincial papers, carrying to and fro "copy" and writing materials for the reporters; the click, click of several "sounder" telegraph instruments, over which reports of the proceedings in the House are being transmitted to some of the London evening papers or to the London offices of provincial papers connected with the gallery by special wires; and the shouting of messages to other newspaper offices through telephones.

Leaving this scene of bustle and excitement, we mount a staircase and find ourselves in a suite of apartments overlooking Palace Yard, and devoted to the exclusive use of members of the gallery as writing-out rooms and recreation rooms. Two of the committee rooms overlooking the terrace and river are also appropriated to the use of the journalists. All the rooms are lighted with electric lights, and most of them are airy, commodious, and comfortable. The four rooms used for writing are supplied with desks, chairs, and ink, pens, and blotting paper. One of them also contains a useful library, consisting of works of reference, volumes of the Parliamentary debates, blue-books, bills, and other Parliamentary papers; and in another lovers of the weed may smoke while they are at work. These writing-rooms are crowded during the night with reporters transcribing their notes, and leader-writers, London correspondents and writers of Parliamentary sketches spinning from their fertile and imaginative brains criticisms of speeches and policies, and descrip-

tions of scenes and incidents in the House. Well, in one of these rooms the reporter who has just been relieved writes out his quarter of an hour's turn at note-taking. If some obscure or unimportant "honorable gentleman" spoke during the turn the task is very easily and quickly discharged. But if it were Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, or any of the other great men of Parliament who are usually reported fully, the transcription of the short-hand notes will, as I have already said, occupy an arduous and trying hour, or an hour and a half at least. In the case of an important speech four or six reporters who have been "on" during the same quarter of an hour write out together in order to ensure absolute accuracy. One of the group reads out his notes as he transcribes, and all the others, as they write, practically, from his dictation, follow the narrative on their own notes, and correct errors into which the reader may have fallen, from one cause or another. This practice is necessary for several reasons. For instance, sometimes it is difficult for all the reporters to hear a speaker distinctly. It may be because of the right honorable member's imperfect articulation, or of the situation of the bench from which he addresses the House. But though all the reporters may not succeed in transferring every word of the right honorable gentleman to their notebooks, a group of four or six are certain—unless the speaker was exceptionally indistinct—to have, between them, a full and complete record of his utterance, and so by writing out together and comparing each others' notes they can turn out a veritable photographic reproduction of the speech exactly as it was spoken.

The two qualities in a speaker which most delight the reporter are lucid thinking and distinct utterance; and, whatever else they may lack, most of the great Parliamentarians of the day possess these two qualities. Old reporters will tell you that public speaking has undergone a complete revolution

in style and manner. Statesmen like Bright and Disraeli and Gladstone—to mention three who were masters of different styles of the fine art of oratory—always spoke slowly, deliberately and impressively, and the average reporter never had any difficulty in taking them. But the style of speaking popular nowadays in Parliament is what is called "the conversational style"—a free and rapid flow of words, which not infrequently taxes all the reporter's skill and dexterity in the use of "the winged art" to get them down on his note-book. But speed does not frighten the reporter so much as muddled and incoherent ideas indistinctly expressed.

Of all our leading Parliamentarians Mr. Chamberlain is the easiest to report. His average rate of speaking is one hundred and forty words a minute, and, besides, he possesses, in the highest degree perhaps, the qualities of lucidity of thought and distinctness of utterance. Mr. John Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Goschen in the Commons, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Lord Ashbourne, the Duke of Devonshire in the Lords, never present any difficulties to the reporter, though none of them, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, is quite so easy to "take" as Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Herschell and Lord Halsbury in the Lords, Sir R. Webster, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Fletcher Moulton in the Commons, are, like most lawyers, unpleasant speakers from the reporter's point of view. But comparing the occupants of the Treasury Bench, as a whole, with the occupants of the front Opposition Bench, as a whole, it must be said that the members of the government give the reporters the more trouble and worry, both on account of rapidity and indistinctness of expression. Mr. H. H. Fowler, introducing the Franchise Bill and the Parish Councils Bill in the session of 1892, gave the reporters an exceedingly hard time of it. That, however, was due largely to the mass of statis-

ties he had necessarily to quote, and through these—the most difficult of all matter to report—he galloped at a pace that paralyzed the fingers of the reporters. Ordinarily Mr. Fowler is, like Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Acland, Mr. Gardner, or Mr. Bryce, comparatively easy. But I cannot say as much for Sir M. Kay-Shuttleworth, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. George Russell; and perhaps Mr. Sydney Buxton should also be included in this category of difficult speakers on the Treasury Bench.

Now that Lord Randolph Churchill has passed away, Mr. Balfour is, after Sir R. Webster and Mr. Matthews, probably the most difficult speaker on the front Opposition Bench. He is generally easy to take when he makes an important speech, but latterly in discussions in committee he has developed a very rapid style of speaking. A change for the worse, in the reportorial sense, has also come over Sir William Harcourt. When Sir William takes part in an important debate—a debate in which each speaker endeavors to make the most of his powers—he is one of the most delightful and easiest of men to report, but during the discussions in committee on his budget last session he gave the gallery men many bad quarters of an hour. Indistinctness was the great fault of which we had reason to complain. The right honorable gentleman had the habit of turning his back on the gallery and speaking down the chamber with the result, of course, that we could not hear him, and much of what he is reported to have said during these discussions is mere guess work. However, gallery men can forgive him many things, for he did them an excellent service last session. His speech introducing the budget made about eight columns in the newspapers. He read it in the House, for he had it typewritten, and he subsequently sent copies of it up to the gallery. It was a speech that was full of figures. It would have been difficult to take a full and accurate note of it; and so

our relief and joy when we were informed that we would get copies of it were really too deep for words.

Of the men in the front rank Mr. Asquith is the most difficult to report. He is clear and distinct in utterance, but he is excessively rapid. A reporter following him on a "verbatim note" has very little breathing time. He never pauses in the course of a speech. His clear-cut sentences—long, rotund, and full-bodied—come flowing uninterruptedly from his lips at a steady, pitiless rate of between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy words per minute. And then so subtle is his use of phrases, so delicate are the shades of meaning he conveys by his critical selection of them, that every word of a sentence must be given if you are to retain its original force and color. Amongst other men of distinction who are difficult speakers are Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Courtney. Mr. Courtney is by no means a fast speaker; and when he is lifted by strong emotion out of his ordinary mood, as in the case of his celebrated speech last session on the Evicted Tenants Bill, he is easy to report. His ordinary mood, however, is very trying. His pedantic and philosophic points make too great a strain on the common-sense mind of the average reporter. Sir Henry James is rapid, involved, and indistinct; and the extraordinary fluency and swiftness of utterance of Sir Charles Dilke make it difficult for the fastest short-hand writer to keep pace with him. Of the Irish representatives, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor on the Nationalist side, and Colonel Saunderson, Mr. Carson, Mr. David Plunket, and Mr. T. W. Russell on the Unionist side, are easy to report. Mr. Dillon is very rapid, but very distinct; Mr. Blake rarely speaks, but when he does, his strange and unfamiliar style, with its portentously long sentences, is difficult to master; and Mr. Sexton's marvellous faculty of words and phrase-

making often tests the skill of the most expert reporter.

It may be asked whether reporters often find it necessary to improve the speeches of members of Parliament. Well, in the case of any of the leading men what the reporters aim at is to give a verbatim transcript of the speech—to give the exact words of the speaker in the order and form in which they are uttered. If a reporter condenses in such a case, it is because orders have come from the newspaper office that space is limited and that "copy" must be kept down. But if the necessary space is available the desire of the reporter is to give everything. Repetitions are retained when they are used to drive home a proposition—to imprint it on the minds of the audience; and even redundancies and archaic expressions are given when they occur—and they rarely do—in first-person reports of speeches on important subjects by leading Parliamentarians. Indeed, these speeches are, as a rule, so perfect in diction that it would be presumptuous on the part of the reporter to attempt to make the language more forcible or more graphic. But the speeches of smaller men often need improvement. Many of them habitually clothe their hazy ideas in lax, loose, and disjointed talk, which, if reported as uttered, would mar or ruin their reputations. But even when revising and condensing the speeches of these men the conscientious reporter retains, as far as possible, the exact phraseology that has been used. If this course were not generally followed by the reporters, the individuality of speeches in temperament and diction, their actuality and color, would be lost. All would be alike so far as the outward dress of language is concerned; all would be reduced or raised to the same monotonous level. Some people may still retain the notion which had some vogue in the early days of reporting, that reporters "color" their reports of speeches, according to their own political opinions. But the idea, if it does exist, is utterly

without foundation. A reporter is no more influenced in his work by his political opinions than is a doctor or a lawyer.

Let us see now what means are at the disposal of members of the gallery for rest, recreation, and refreshment. There is a good dining-room, overlooking Palace Yard, the walls of which are hung with portraits of distinguished gallery men who have gone to the happy land where there are no Parliamentary orators and no newspapers. The menu card shows a list of dishes—soups, fish, joints, entrées, pastries, and wines, etc.,—suitable to the simple tastes and limited purses of journalists. Formerly the kitchen committee catered for us as well as for the members of Parliament, but we found it agreed neither with our digestions nor our purses. Now the catering is done by a special contractor to the gallery, to whom the authorities of the House—or rather the State—give a grant of 100*l.* on the declaration of a contract, an annual subsidy of 25*l.* towards the renewal of plant, and the necessary kitchen accommodation, with lights, etc., rent free. After dinner the reporter may retire to the smoking-room, sacred to tobacco, coffee, and gossip, or he may indulge there in games of chess or draughts, or read the evening papers, or the weekly and monthly magazines, with which the room is liberally supplied. The walls of this room are also hung with portraits of dead reporters, photographic groups taken at some of the annual summer outings of the members of the gallery, and with *Vanity Fair* cartoons of eminent Parliamentarians. Then, again, there is a tea-room, where one can enjoy, with a cup of tea, the newspapers and magazines, or a book from the library, which has been mainly contributed by members of the gallery; and finally there is a bar, where men seek sustenance and courage to bear them well through the ordeal of a quarter of an hour's turn of Mr. Asquith or Sir Henry James.

Holders of non-transferable tickets pay the small sessional subscription of 2s. 6d. to defray certain necessary expenses, and elect annually a committee of twelve to manage affairs and look after the interests of the gallery.

It will be seen, therefore, that the members of the reporters' gallery now enjoy at Westminster many of the advantages of a good club. It is true that at times the pressure on the accommodation is great, and some discomfort ensues. But taking it all in all, the lot of the Parliamentary reporter is now a very happy one, especially as compared with that of his predecessor, who, in the old House that was burned down in 1834, had to scramble for places with mere sight-seers in the strangers' gallery; or, later still, in the present House, when, though he had a special gallery in which to take notes, he had no rooms for writing or refreshments till 1880, and had, previous to that year, to hurry after his "turn" at note-taking to his office in Fleet Street or in the Strand, or to an inn at Westminster to prepare his copy.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE GREAT INDIAN SURVEY.

IN the last official decennial Report on the Progress and Condition of India (1882-92), issued from the India Office, it is incidentally mentioned that the great Trigonometrical Survey was approaching its centenary. It is now almost complete, only the triangulation of outlying parts of Burma and Beluchistan remaining in progress; and as it is one of the most remarkable works ever undertaken, and is renowned in other countries for the extent of the operations and the boldness of their conception, we propose to give a brief account of the scheme.

Up to the beginning of the present century the geography of the interior of the Indian Peninsula was little known. Rather more than a hundred

years ago, Major Rennell, of the Honorable East India Company's service, did, as surveyor-general of Bengal, survey and map out a large portion of the province; but for the most part, knowledge of the topography of the interior was derived only from the route-maps of travellers and of armies in the field. Route-surveys, however, are necessarily inaccurate; and about the beginning of the present century, one William Lambton, captain and afterwards colonel in the company's service, drew up a plan for the measurement of a long "arc of the meridian," and for a trigonometrical survey of the whole of the southern portion of India. It is said that Lambton elaborated this plan on the suggestion of Colonel Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) in or about 1800. However this may be, the project was warmly supported by the governor of Madras, and was sanctioned by the government, with Colonel Lambton as director of operations, and two lieutenants of the company's service as assistants. The first proceeding was to obtain a base-line, and this was obtained, after long and patient experiments, on a stretch of land about seven and a half miles long, near Madras, in April, 1802. This, then, was the beginning of the Trigonometrical Survey of India, which has proceeded without cessation — except during the Mutiny — ever since, and is still going on.

But what is a trigonometrical survey? We will endeavor to explain.

It is easy enough to measure the distance from one place to another; but it is a complicated process to combine all the measurements and lay them down so accurately on paper as to form a perfect map, exact in all its proportions and dimensions. For such a purpose the method usually adopted is the trigonometrical one, and trigonometry, as every schoolboy knows, is the measurement of triangles.

In preparing to map out a new country, then, the first thing to do is to form a base-line. Before this can be done, a good deal of superficial, or ocular,

surveying is needed—the surveyors examining the ground carefully within an agreed radius, so as to gain a general idea of its main features and prominent marks. A place is then selected on which can best be drawn a long straight line within sight of flags placed at various points in such a way that lines drawn from one to the other will form a series of triangles. At least two of these flag-stations must be visible from the base-line, which has to be measured with the extremest accuracy.

Everything depends on the accuracy of the measurement of this base-line, for the slightest error in it will make all the rest of the work wrong. If possible, the ground at the base is levelled; but if this is impracticable, uprights are fixed, between which the measuring-chain can be stretched tight and true. Each end of the base-line is marked with a flagpost, and the thing to determine within the minutest fraction of an inch is the exact distance between these flagposts. The measuring chain is first carefully tested and checked with a "standard" chain, to which it must be exactly adjusted. This is a very troublesome job, because the variations of the temperature necessarily affect the metal of the chain. For this reason, one measuring does not suffice; but many measurements are taken along the base-line, back and forward, and day after day. No two of these measurements will agree absolutely, in spite of all the care taken; but after a great number of measurements have been noted of the same line, they are all added together, and divided by the number of times the measurement has been made. This gives what is known as the "mean measurement," and it is as near to the true length as can be obtained. The mean measurement of the base-line, then, forms the basis of the triangular survey.

Having obtained the dimensions of the base-line, the surveyor now brings into operation the theodolite which is an instrument for measuring angles. With this instrument at one end of his

base-line, he sights one of the distant flagposts, and measures the angle formed by it with the other end of the base-line. Then he goes over to the other end and measures the angle formed with the second distant flagpost. He is thus able to calculate the two sides of his triangle from the known length of the base, and the calculation is even more accurate than if each side were measured with the chain separately.

The third side of his first triangle gives him a base-line for a second triangle (formed by other flagposts, on hilltops or other elevated ground where possible); and so he goes on laying down a network of triangles, which he carefully records on paper by drawing the plots on a fixed scale. On reaching the limit of the land to be mapped, or at some suitable point, he will test the accuracy of the work done by applying the measuring-chain to one side of the last triangle at which the stoppage is made. If the measurement by the chain agrees exactly, or sufficiently closely, with the measurement given by the triangular calculation, then it is all right, and a fresh start is made from the new base-line. But if the measurements do not correspond, then there has been some mistake somewhere, and the whole thing has to be gone over again from the very beginning, until perfect results are obtained.

In this way the face of a country is covered with a network of accurately measured triangles, which form the skeleton on which can be built up the body and details of the topography. To fill up the triangles is the work of the local surveyors, who within each triangle may form a series, or several series, of smaller triangles. To lay down, for instance, the line of a mountain-range, or of a river, or of a coast, the surveyor will measure the distances from the side of his triangle to the chief points of irregularity in the line of the river, coast, etc. These side measurements are called "offsets," and are carefully drawn on the triangular plan. To complete the configuration, all that is needed is to draw

lines between the outer ends of the "offsets." By means of these "offsets," and of smaller triangles and measured lines within the main triangles, the local surveyor fills in the details of the map.

This, in brief, is the process of triangulation, or trigonometrical survey. But in a large country like India, to form a continuous network of triangles from south to north would have made the progress too slow. Instead of a network, therefore, what is known as the "gridiron" system has been adopted. The "gridiron" means a series of chains of triangulation, running north and south, with cross connections east and west. These chains or strings of triangles leave large interior spaces to be filled up by the local surveyors, while the main survey goes on. The main triangles necessarily vary much in size with the character of the country, and in India have ranged from fifteen to thirty miles or so of base. Such long distances required the most perfect instruments, and involved great physical exertion. It will be obvious that to measure for checking purposes a base-line of several miles, must be a very much more difficult and arduous task than to measure one of, say, one mile.

A thing always aimed at in trigonometrical surveys is to have neither very acute nor very wide angles—never "sharper" than thirty degrees, nor wider than a right angle (ninety degrees). For a base-line as great a length as possible is desirable, but in fact it is seldom practicable to get one of more than seven or eight miles in length, for the surface must be level and unencumbered enough to leave each end perfectly visible from the other, and to leave the signal-stations to form the first triangle visible from both ends. But when only a short base-line can be measured by the chain, there are methods of elaborating from it, by triangulation, lines as long as may be necessary.

When Colonel Lambton succeeded in laying down his base-line in 1802 near Madras, with the Observatory as a sort

of starting-point, he used a chain similar to what some of us have seen used by the Ordnance surveyors in this country. It was supported on tripods twenty feet high, and was adjusted and tightened by a delicate screw-arrangement. On each tripod was placed a thermometer, to determine the temperature of the chain, and the necessary corrections were made according to the rate of expansion. The steel chain was regulated by a standard chain, whose length had been fixed at a temperature of fifty degrees. Every degree Fahrenheit in the temperature required a correction of .00725 inch in the chain. It took forty-two days to measure the Madras base-line, before the first angle could be taken. Some thirty years later, Colonel Colby of the Irish Survey invented a self-correcting method of measuring lines by using bars instead of chains. These bars are composite of brass and iron, and so joined that movements of contraction and expansion take place evenly at the extremities. When this new apparatus was introduced, the old base-lines were re-measured with it, and the calculations revised.

From Madras, Lambton carried his triangles inland, westward to Bangalore. This distance of one hundred and sixty miles occupied two years to cover, and then it was determined to measure with the chain a base of verification, as already explained. The measurement revealed a difference of only three and three-quarter inches from the calculation founded on the Madras base-line. The Bangalore line was then made the base of a fresh series of triangles right across to the west coast, at Mangalore. The distance across from Madras was then found to be three hundred and sixty miles, and not four hundred miles, as had up till then been given on the maps.

The new base-line at Bangalore was taken as the foundation of a long "meridional" series of triangles to be carried right through the heart of the country from Cape Comorin, in the extreme south, to the Himalayas, in

the extreme north. This is called, technically, the "Great Arc Series," and it is fifteen hundred and forty miles in length. Lambton first carried the triangulation southwards to Cape Comorin, where a base of verification was measured; and then, in 1811, began to work northward from Bangalore. But he was also working east and west, and by the year 1815 had laid down a complete network of triangles between Madras, Bangalore, and the Godavery River, although he was kept very short of money, and was constantly being harassed by government officials, who could not be made to understand the utility of his operations.

Lambton had not only pecuniary difficulties and official opposition to contend with. The country was in a state of political disturbance. Yet he succeeded in demonstrating not only that the accepted breadth of the peninsula at Madras was forty miles wrong, but also that Arcot was ten miles out of place on the maps; and that Hyderabad was eleven minutes in latitude and thirteen minutes in longitude wrong. The disturbed condition of central India caused a suspension of the "Great Arc" series of surveys for a while, and Lambton went south again to complete the network of triangles there. Later, he resumed the "Great Arc," and broke down under the severe exertion and exposure on the survey between Hyderabad and Nagpore. He died at a lonely spot in the Central Provinces, on the 20th of January, 1823, and a modest pillar now marks the place where lies the body of the father of the Great Indian Survey.

Colonel Lambton died at the age of seventy, and he had been twenty-one years engaged exclusively on this great work. His operations comprised a triangulation of 165,342 square miles, at a cost of £83,537. He was succeeded by Colonel Everest, whose memory is perpetuated in the name of one of the highest summits of the Himalayas. Everest, indeed, had been for some years Lambton's chief assistant, and had carried the "gridiron" along the

Bombay coast. When appointed superintendent, he at once took up the "Great Arc," which in 1824 he carried up to Sironj, where he measured a base-line. Then he had to go home to recruit, and was absent for five years, during which the assistants carried on a chain of triangles east and west, known as the "Calcutta Longitudinal" series. This series was completed on a measured base-line of verification at Calcutta in 1832. This was, however, after Everest had returned to the head of affairs, and had taken out with him the new Colby measuring apparatus, which was for the first time in India applied to the Calcutta base-line.

Then the "Great Arc" series of triangulations was resumed with ardor, as forming the main axis of the trigonometrical survey. A great deal of the work had to be done during the rainy season, for the sake of the clearer atmosphere then, but at the cost of much loss of health and life to the surveying party. In traversing the plains, permanent towers had to be erected to gain the necessary elevation, and this involved tremendous labor and delay. There were between Sironj and the hills seventeen of these towers, each fifty feet high, and each containing a stone platform, on which the instruments might rest without vibration. They were at great distances apart, and a special system of signalling, both for day and night, had to be devised.

A party was sent on ahead to prepare a site for a terminal "base of verification" to complete the "Great Arc" series. The site was selected in the Dehra Doon Valley, between the Seawalik hills and the Himalayas. When the calculations were corrected, the difference at the base-line as between triangulation and actual measurement was only seven inches and one-fifth. This shows how careful was the work, and how accurate the instruments. But some other verifications had to be made; and it was 1841 before the "Great Arc," the central meridional survey of India, was completed. It is a stretch of fifteen hundred and

forty miles; it comprises an area of triangulation about fifty-seven thousand square miles, and the triangulation had occupied nearly forty years.

In the same year (1841) the Bombay longitudinal series was also completed, extending a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, and comprising an area within the triangulation of 15,198 square miles.

Now had to be undertaken a series of parallel meridional chains to the "Great Arc" with cross-connections to complete the "gridiron." Colonel Everest retired in 1843, broken down in health; and it was he who introduced the gridiron or intersecting chains of triangles, in preference to the continuous network with which operations began in the south.

The work of the several chains or arcs, has been carried on by different parties, and under successive leaders, from year to year. The mortality among the officials of the survey has been very heavy; and the swamps and jungles of India have exacted fearful tribute for the imposition of the measuring-chain. It would take too long, and would be too tedious to name all the technical and territorial divisions of the work; but we may say that the "North-eastern Himalayan" series formed a sort of cap to the whole, by connecting the northern ends of the several chains of triangles, and forming a sort of framework for the gridiron. This Himalayan series includes some of the highest mountains in the world, whose heights and distances had to be determined—including Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet above the sea. East and west, north and south, the work of triangulation has proceeded since the completion of the "Great Arc" without intermission, save during the Mutiny; and in 1883, the main triangulation, or gridiron, was completed over an area of a million square miles. But since then, the chains have been extended eastwards into Burma, and westwards towards Beluchistan and Afghanistan; while all the time, as the framework was being built up, and since, the work of

filling up the triangles with details has been industriously going on. The gridiron is the skeleton upon which every contour and feature of the country has to be impressed. The whole system of the Indian Survey now rests upon ten measured base-lines, all now revised with the Colby apparatus—namely, at Cape Comorin, Bangalore, Beder, Sironj, and Dehra Doon; at Calcutta and Sonakoda; at Attock, Karachi, and Vizagapatam.

The Great Indian Trigonometrical Survey has been a marvel of patient persistence and of resolute grappling with obstacles of the most stupendous kind. It remains a model of precision and accuracy, certainly not the least noble of the monuments to British skill, energy, and devotion to duty.

From Temple Bar.

CHINESE GENTLEMEN AND VIRTUOSOS.

YOU must know that the Chinese is far more commonly a virtuoso than we. And a Chinese collector is a real connoisseur. He has no idea of beauty—except to eye it suspiciously as probably of Japanese or other foreign origin; all he worships is age. And—mark this most curious trait—antiques of his own country only. What a conservatism to boast of this! The Chinese scholar and virtuoso has the profoundest admiration for his own country's ancient literature and art. He will not deign to have anything foreign or new on his shelves. I think this is somewhat of a rebuke to us, hunting for relics of every country but our own. It puts us on the stand of *nouveaux riches*. And don't think that a Chinaman spends nothing on his collection. He will outbid the vulgarlest millionaire in the world for a genuine old bronze or porcelain. His collection is not built up in a day by wholesale commissions given to dealers. His is bought piece by piece as opportunity and finances allow. The collection made by a single man's lifetime is nothing. You will see pieces in his catalogue bought by father and grand-

father and remote ancestors. They are heirlooms. They are passed down from father to son. They are the mark of education and noble birth; because the only nobility there is education and official rank, and noble birth is being the descendants of ancestors who have held office and taken degrees. An heirloom of a choice bit of porcelain proves education and wealth in the purchaser. Does this not make you feel rather new, with your two-penny fans and plates on the wall?

In a native city like Yangchow (native means a Chinese town where no foreigners reside, and seldom visited by them; that is to say, some other than the treaty ports) in Yangchow, the *bric-à-brac* dealers look with disfavor on foreign purchasers. They know it is displeasing to their patrons. It seems like desecration that the ignorant trading and fighting barbarian should imitate their polite hobby. They are still more angry when they find he has been spying out the land, and has got books with the seals and descriptive words. It is as we feel, if we are poor but ardent critics, when we look over the collection of books and paintings bought on retirement by a gentleman whose youth was spent in somewhat different pursuits. The poor man is inclined to throw up his hobby. What is the good of me, he cries, who have an educated and hereditary taste and discernment in these things, spending my rare and hard-earned cash in a single specimen, when this man, whose judgment has exercised itself all his life in "dosset," flings down a cheque for a thousand pounds, and tells his dealer to "get him a roomful of them China knick-knacks; good 'uns, mind!" This is the feeling a Chinese gentleman would have on viewing our public collections, although he would certainly show nothing but the politest admiration. Further acquaintance would of course convince him that we are no "new men" in our appreciation of antiques; but I do not think he would for that regard us as a brother. He is too nationally conceited.

Yes, it will be new to some to learn

that the Chinese is a man of remarkably refined and æsthetic ideas. The type of cultivated man, as represented in the novels and poetry, is one who retires from official life to some quiet hillside temple, where he sits at an open casement gazing out on quiet trees and listening to the songs of birds. On the table before him is a vase with a rose, or hyacinth, or chrysanthemum, and teapot and open book and pen, where he is composing poetry. There he lives, the world forgetting by the world forgot, studying the classics and poets, and composing. At times he will gather a few friends to a cup of wine or a night's conversation on art and philosophy; but he finds his soul's contentment in the study of books and nature.

Now this is an idyllic type rare among nations. The Chinese have a grand old literature and philosophic books by the side of which Plato and the Memorabilia of Socrates and Christ seem mere brochures. The Chinese are essentially a literary and æsthetic people, although they too can boast of many campaigns and architectural monuments. Their public buildings in brick are few; but those in mud still fill us with admiration. Their traditions are wholly opposed to ours; I do not say their character, because I believe it is so strongly imitative as to become as energetic and enterprising as our own under the iconoclastic impulse of Western (I do not say civilized) ideas. It is this encroaching contact of these manners and ideas so opposed to their traditions that causes the intense hatred that they as a nation feel for us. For their traditions are very old, very theoretical. Barbarous traditions grown up in the rough practice of life are more easily displaced than those which have their roots imbedded in an ancient but evergreen philosophical literature. But when the public examinations, on which success in life depends, shall cease, no matter by what blow, to confine themselves to Chinese classics alone, then gentleman John will become as laborious, docile, and enterprising in modern war and

finance and policy, and military and industrial methods and training, as humble coolie John already is in shop-keeping in San Francisco and Australia and the Straits. Then we shall have to look out.

I believe that China is irresistibly the coming race.

Britishers insist on shooting-boots and nothing to do with natives. Instead of being of no importance, personal appearance and dress is everything on a first introduction among Chinese, just as it is elsewhere; and Chinese favorably impressed, and not insulted by disregard of *convenances*, can be very pleasant hosts. In fact, I have found the saying a true one, that the Chinese are the politest nation in the world. But don't be frightened by the tremendous formality that the books talk about. In half an hour, if you are gay yourself, every constraint disappears and jollier companions could not be found. They have that genuine politeness that annihilates constraint. Full of tact, they do not press you with attentions or observe by the slightest sign your mistakes in language or etiquette. Unless your mistake is so

obvious as to make non-observance forced.

I remember once I was endeavoring to get hold of a sea-slug away in the middle of the table; when I did grip it with the chopsticks I cut it in half; one minute; no notice. I got one, and dropped it half way; no remark, except a lively continuation of the conversation. I tried again—I was fond of them. My under chopstick slipped, and I flipped the soup and half a slug across the table. "Allow me," said my host; "that's a slippery customer, but far too good to let go for want of a net," and he handed me over one in a spoon. "I am extremely fond of them myself; but I never attempt the chopsticks. I like to get a good mouthful, so I use my spoon." Of course he had never done so in his life. Of course he commenced eating them himself—with a spoon. Fortunately I recollected a pun on spoons and politeness, and brought it out, full of wrong tones and Wadified conceits. The most hearty good mirth followed; the dinner was as heartily enjoyable and full of real fun and laughter as if we had been old chums reunited.

STRINGS OF THOUGHT.—It is not easy to imagine ourselves without the means of communication furnished by the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. How could we carry on our business? And, indeed, those races who are ignorant of writing have remained in a state of barbarism. The ancient Peruvians were an exception to this rule, but they were not altogether without a means to communicate their thoughts to those absent. They transmitted their ideas by means of the *quipu*. The *Panama Star and Herald* says: "The instrument was a cord about two feet long, composed of threads of different colors tightly twisted together, and with a number of smaller threads suspended from it in the manner of a fringe. The colors denoted sensible objects and even abstract ideas. Arithmetical purposes were served by knots tied in the threads, indicating ciphers; they could be associated so as to

work out complex calculations. Combined with oral tradition, and working by the laws of association, the *quipu* preserved the annals of the Peruvian Empire. Yet with this imperfect substitute for writing and notation, the Peruvians advanced to a degree of civilization which, though in some respects inferior to that of their Spanish conquerors, was in others decidedly superior. They constructed magnificent roads, they maintained an elaborate religion, they constructed solid and elegant buildings, they overcame the difficulties of their arid climate by means of a stupendous system of irrigation, their aqueducts being among the wonders of the world, and they cultivated the fine arts with some success. One proof of their advanced civilization is the fact that the population of Peru under the Incas was twelve times greater than it is at the present day.

